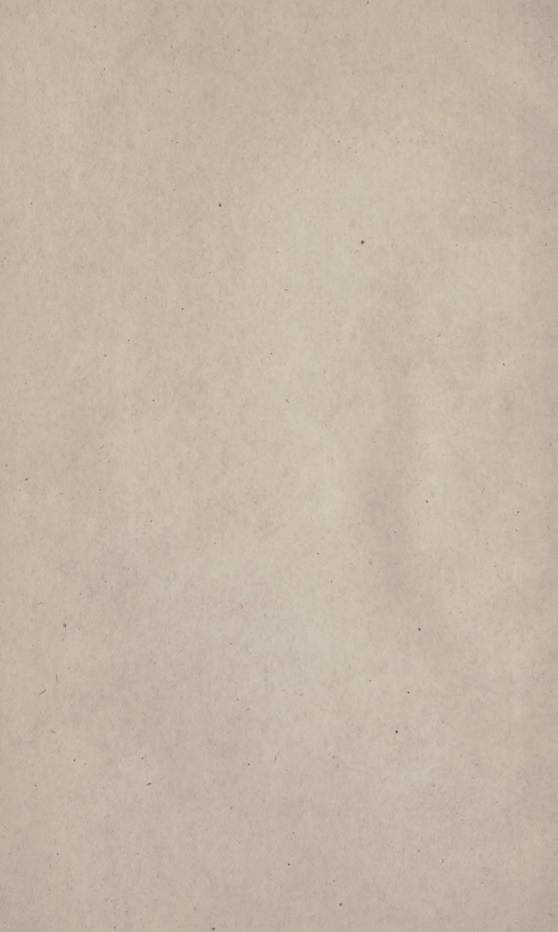
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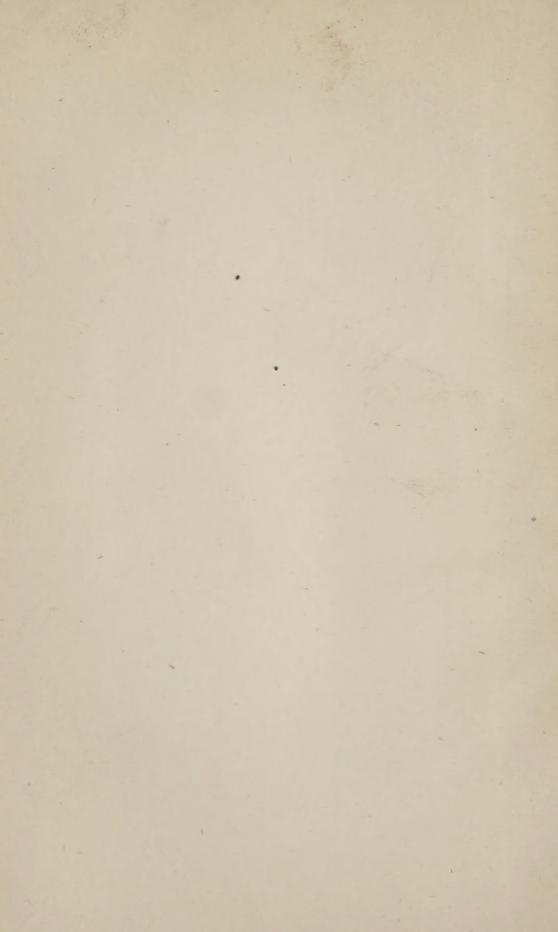
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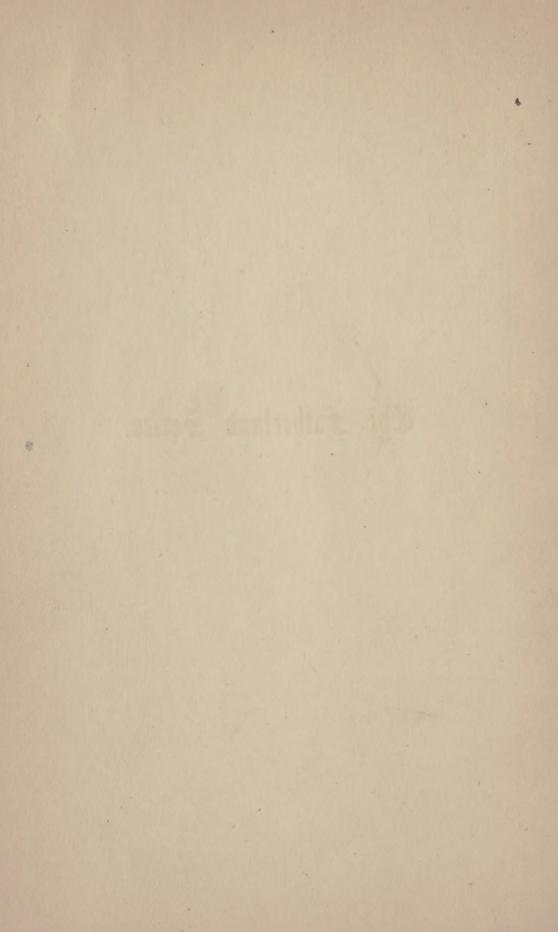












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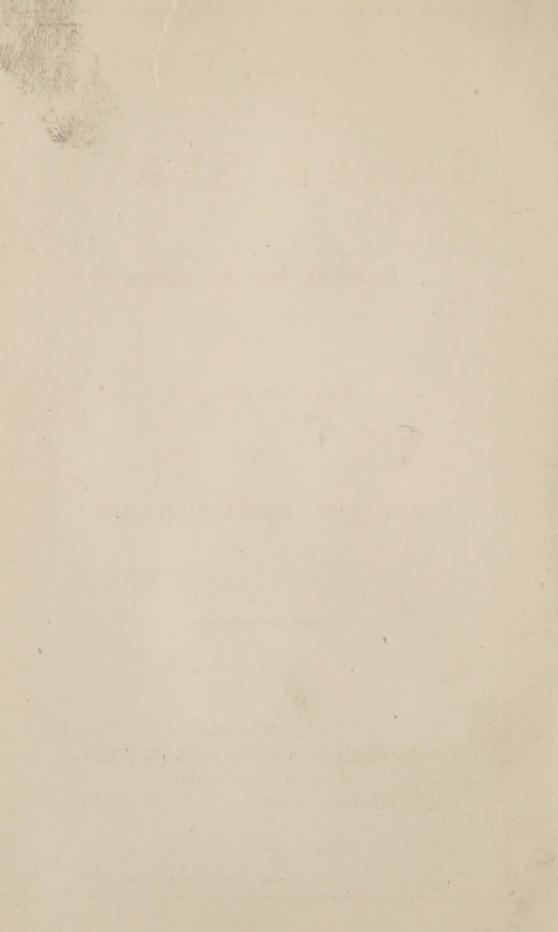




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THE

GREEK SLAVE.

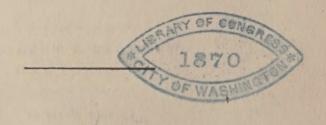
Translated from the German

OF

FRANZ HOFFMANN,

BY

REV. J. C. BRODFÜHRER.



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THE GREEK SLAVE.

CHAPTER I.

A GRECIAN FAMILY.

A BOUT thirty years ago there stood a beautiful villa on a gentle declivity of the southern coast of Candia. The house, neat and ornamented with colonnades covered with grape-vines and ivy, presented a most pleasing and attractive appearance.

The surrounding scenery was highly picturesque. On the south lay the dark blue sea, with its sunlit waves, and in the distance ships and small craft with studding-sails, passing to and fro like things of life. On

the north rose the Sphakiotic Mountains, from whose deep gorges came babbling brooks and silver streamlets hastening to the sea, and whose rounded summits and rugged cliffs were covered with leafy forests, whilst the jagged peaks seemed to be veiled in the blue mist. The lofty Psilorati, called Ida by the ancient Greeks, is seen towering grandly above surrounding heights, lifting his head majestically to the clouds, and crowned with a sparkling diadem of ice.

The villa was surrounded with a garden in the finest culture. Its beautiful walks, its bowers of variegated flowers, the fountains, the little citron and orange groves, the copse of olive trees and vine plants, gave it an air of freshness and sweetness and beauty that reminded one of paradise.

The beautiful house, with the garden and the more distant plantations of tobacco, cotton and olive trees, was the property of a Greek by the name of *Messaros*. Here he lived with his wife Helen and son Philip, a fresh and handsome boy, who at the time our story begins had just completed his sixth year. He spent his days in quiet retirement, and divided his time between work and a few hours of recreation, usually spent in company with his wife and child. Although in affluent circumstances, he disdained to make any other use of his wealth than to share it with the poorer inhabitants of the island who lived in his neighborhood and were of his faith.

Bowed beneath the yoke of their Turkish masters, who then, as now, were rulers of the beautiful island, the greater part of the Christian inhabitants were subjected to robberies and depredations, which at that time were carried on in the most shameless manner. The Turk looked with contempt upon the poor Greeks, whom he regarded as little bet-

ter than slaves and serfs, and his rapacious hand fearlessly seized the fruits of their industry and toil. The poor Greek must look on with silent anguish as the Turk came upon his errand of marauding, when the blooming grain was trampled under the hoofs of his steed, or when he insolently scorned his faith, which was dearer to the Christian sufferer than his fields of grain. 'Tis true, the eye of the oppressed sometimes sparkled with anger, and his hand was ready to seize the dagger in his belt, but a glance at his wife and child checked the kindling passion and constrained him to patient endurance of all the evils imposed upon him by these haughty rulers. What good could possibly come from the indulgence of passion and revenge against his tormentor? To put down one would only raise up others exasperated by resistance and prompted to inflict severer punishments.

There was no lack of instances in which the Turks took bloody revenge on such as had dared to rebel. Terrible deeds have been related, at the bare recital of which the blood would turn to ice and the hair of the head stand on end. To burn the hut, to desolate the fields, to impale the father, to drag the mother into lasting slavery, to dash the heads of the poor innocent children against the stones,—this was what the Turks did when they found the slightest resistance to their shameless oppression and cruelties.

Of course there were exceptions among them, but they were of the noble few who could seldom check the cruel wickedness of the many. It was natural that under such a government the poor Greeks should sink into the most abject poverty and wretchedness; and comparatively few were able, even with great prudence, to maintain a moderate degree of prosperity.

Messaros belonged to this class, and fortunately his possessions lay distant from the cities and places in which the Turks committed their depredations. He, moreover, by timely and valuable presents to the pasha of Candia, had secured the favor of this mighty ruler; and besides, he was careful to maintain the utmost composure under the petty annoyances and oppressions which accidentally or intentionally occurred in his presence. To be sure, his heart often bounded with indignation at the audacity of the cruel masters, but his self-control was such as never to betray either by look or act the storm that raged within. He bore every rudeness of the Turks with seeming indifference, and by the utmost prudence of deportment escaped with comparatively little sacrifice.

But how great his scorn of the oppressors was showed itself when the hour at last came which promised deliverance from the oppression so long and ignominiously borne. The call to arms resounded throughout all Greece, and the brave Christian inhabitants of the island of Candia were among the first to join in the general uprising, and with their brethren to struggle for freedom and their holy faith. Messaros placed himself at the head of a courageous band. Leaving his dear wife and his beloved and only son, he engaged in the terrible conflict against the cruel despoilers, and waged unyielding battle for the most precious treasures of an oppressed and Christian people, for freedom and religion.

Weeks had elapsed since Messaros had plunged with enthusiasm into the unequal combat, since with a small band of brave men he had gone forth to struggle against the Turkish army, which far outnumbered his little company.

Seldom was anything heard of him at home,

where his wife Helen with anxiety and fear prayed for her absent husband, the father of her child, who was now distant and surrounded by a thousand dangers. It is true, rumors of battles, of victories and defeats floated through the valleys, and now and then reached the house on the hill, but none brought definite information of the progress of the great contest, nor any news of Messaros and his small troop. No wonder, therefore, that Helen was filled with solicitude for her husband; no wonder that she often raised her thoughts to God, and in secret prayer implored the blessing of heaven on her absent and imperiled husband.

One afternoon little Philip was playing on the porch, which was shaded by the climbing ivy and grape-vines, whilst his mother sat near by on a stone bench, lost in sad reverie and looking out upon the sea, whose azure mirror blended with the sky in the distant horizon. The noble boy, with something of the spirit of his father, was playing battle, representing Grecian and Turkish warriors with wooden and metal figures, and placing them opposite each other in battle array, bravely bombarding them with small iron balls. It was not long before all the Turks were thrown down, whilst a large part of the Greeks stood upright, although their number was comparatively small. "There! you see it, mother," cried the boy, with sparkling eyes. "So it will happen to all the Turks as it did to these, even if they were ever so many. Look, mother! my Grecians have won and cut off the heads of all the enemy! Thus father is doing, is he not, mother?"

"God grant that he may help to win the victory in this difficult contest, my dear child," the mother replied, and sadly smiled. "Alas! it is a long time since we heard of him, and the news was not favorable. The

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superior force against which he and our people have to struggle is too great."

"What of that, mother?" replied the courageous lad. "You have often told me that God would aid them and help the just cause to win the victory. Don't be sad, mother. You will see that the Turks shall all be chased away, and then Ali will not come again and take away my finest playthings and my pony."

"Which Ali, my child?" inquired the mother, who had hardly listened to the prattle of little Philip.

"Well, Ali Rudschuck, the son of the Kapudan Pasha," returned the little one. "Do you not remember?—he was here with his father last year. An ugly boy. So wild and ill-bred. Everything that pleased him he wished to have and keep. He was welcome to take all else, if he had only left me my little pony. But, never mind! when I

have grown big, I will take my sword and go to war against him, and win everything back he has taken from me. Yes, yes, mother, I will do it!"

"Little simpleton!" said the mother, softly, stroking with her hand the curly black hair of the boy, which hung in ringlets and shaded his white brow—"little simpleton, when you are grown up your pony will have long been dead, and you would not make much of it even if it were living. Only content yourself. If your father returns safely from the war, then you shall have another pony, a much nicer one."

"A gray one, dear mamma! it will be a gray, won't it?" cried the lively boy, highly rejoiced and clapping his hands. "I have always wished for a gray pony. The pasha rides one too, and then I can be as grand as he."

"Yes, my child, yes," answered the mother,

and turning her gaze, which until now had been fixed thoughtfully on the sea, with evident interest toward the mountains, which were enveloped in a bluish mist.

"Listen, Philip! do you hear anything?" she continued. "It seems to me as if something was going on in the mountains."

"Yes, mother," said the boy, who instantly forgot his horse, "yes, I hear distinctly; they are shooting there. Perhaps it is a battle."

"Alas, alas! so near us; that would be terrible!" cried the mother, and suddenly her tender, beautiful countenance was pale with terror. "Philip, if it is your father who fights there! But that cannot be! No, that cannot be!"

"And why not, mother?" asked the boy.
"Father, if he were there, would certainly fight bravely."

"Yes, yes, but that is not what I fear, my son!" said the mother. "If the enemy are

really so near, all must be lost—the Turks must have won and pressed our army back! O God, have mercy and protect us from this most terrible fate! Pray, my child, pray that the Lord may grant victory to your father! Down, down upon your knees and lift your hands and heart to Heaven!"

"I would rather fight and shoot at my father's side," replied Philip. "Ah! why am I yet so little and weak that I cannot go to war! Listen, mother! The shooting is becoming louder!"

"Silence, my child! Be still!" said the mother. "Perhaps we are deceiving ourselves—perhaps it is only a storm in the gorges of Mount Psilorati, and we mistake the rolling of thunder for the firing of arms! Yes, yes, that is likely—it must be so! It would indeed be too startling if it were otherwise! Courage, my child, courage! The danger is certainly not so nigh as it seems."

Little Philip shook his head, stepped from the colonnade into the open place and looked with his sharp, clear eyes toward the distant mountains, searching every gorge, vale and cliff, and listening intently.

"No, mother, no," said he, "I certainly do not deceive myself! That is not thunder, it is the shooting of the long guns of our friends. I have often heard them shoot. No, it is not thunder. Thunder sounds quite differently. But why are you afraid? If the Turks are there, then father is there also and his friends, and we Greeks shoot much better than the Turks. They will soon flee, you'll see. Look there! now we can see the smoke! There it curls up in blue cloudlets. Do you see it, mother?"

"Oh, my child, yes, I see it—I believe I see it!" tremblingly answered the agitated woman. "Quick, Philip! let us go in and get the spy-glass which father left here. We will

then be able the better to distinguish whether that blue mist is only a fleecy cloud or real smoke. Quick, my lad!."

Both hastened into the house, opened a window and gazed intently into the distance. With hopeless looks the mother soon let the spy-glass drop from her trembling hands. There was no longer any doubt. Greeks and Turks were engaged in terrible combat, pressing each other here and there in the vales, on the cliffs, on precipices and into the woods. She was even able to see a few forms and the smoke of the powder ascending from the guns.

"O my God, mercy! mercy for our side, mercy on my husband!" she prayed, falling on her knees and raising her trembling hands to heaven, whilst Philip knelt beside her and lisped a little prayer.

Peace in some degree now returned to the heart of the poor frightened woman; but the continuous shooting, which seemed at times to approach and again to recede, revived her alarm and filled her anew with terror. The crash of the shooting seemed gradually to grow weaker, and as the sun set it ceased altogether. Now and then, at long intervals, a gun was heard, and then all became silent. Night came on and darkness covered the forests and mountains, which were but feebly lighted by the silver crescent of the moon.

"It is all over," said Philip, throwing his arms around the tenderly loved mother, who was filled with fearful presentiments. "Be calm and fear no more. Our enemies are certainly put to flight, and father is pursuing them with his soldiers."

"I cannot yet believe in such good fortune. But whatever the issue of the struggle may have been, we must arm ourselves with patience and bear with resignation whatever the Lord lays upon us. Oh may the burden not be too heavy! May God spare you, poor, weak child, and send an angel for your protection! You are still so young and innocent. God will surely have mercy on you!"

Her whispers died away in low weeping, and she pressed more closely to her boy, who buried his head in the bosom of his mother. Thus they sat silently by each other in fearful anxiety about the result of the battle, on which without doubt their fortune depended. Alas! they were not long left in uncertainty. The moment was at hand which revealed their fate, which was more terrible even than the most gloomy forebodings of the wretched mother.

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CHAPTER II.

THE ATTACK.

HE sun was nearing the western horizon, when a small troop of Greek warriors in hasty flight were seeking to reach a dark mountain gorge, covered with thick woods, and which seemed to promise a place of refuge and safety. Close behind them sounded the battle-cry of the Turkish troops and the discharge of guns. Notwithstanding the haste with which they retreated, they halted from time to time, turned quickly about, and replied to the fire of the enemy with such a shower of bullets as greatly diminished the ardor of their pursuers. At every volley they halted and hesitated a few

moments, of which the fugitives took advantage by charging anew with a deadly load their long guns, which were adorned with gold and silver. Then they again hastened forward and gained a slight start, which kept on increasing the nearer they approached the defensive thicket of the woods. The Allah cry sounded from a greater distance, and when the Greeks, close to the edge of the forest, which they had fortunately reached, fired their guns for the last time, everything became quiet, and the fugitives saw clearly that the Turks had no desire to continue the wild chase, but turned their backs and were slowly departing.

"They are going, and we are saved!" said one of the Greeks, who seemed to be their leader. "The battle is lost, but life and freedom at least remain. Friends, brethren, comrades, the drama is ended! Superiority of numbers has oppressed us, and treason has strangled our nascent liberty. Our sun sets as yonder sun. In Candia there is nothing more for us to hope. But do not despair. God will not forsake the righteous cause. There are yet other places where our brethren are sighing for Christ and for freedom from the Turkish yoke. Go hence! To Morea! There will we meet each other again, for now we must separate in order to escape. Scatter yourselves in the forests, in the mountains, till you find a chance for flight. You will probably not be obliged to wait long, for the ships of our brethren will take us up with joy. And now farewell! We will meet again in Morea!"

"Do not leave us, brave Messaros, do not leave us!" cried the little troop, which pressed closely round their leader and covered his hands, his clothes and his feet with kisses. "We will stand faithfully by you, like true men, shoulder to shoulder, and

if we cannot live together, then will we die together!"

"No, my brethren, no; you shall live and struggle where there is something better to hope for than here," replied Messaros. "Go, my friends! Follow my advice, I beg you! Here your death will profit no one, but in Morea, if die you must, then you die for our most sacred possessions. After placing my wife and child in safety, I will also leave my home in order to struggle there. Go, and be careful of your safety. Consider! we need valiant men to break the yoke of the Turks and to save our holy religion. It is my last command. Go!"

The brave men and youths resisted the charge of their heroic leader no longer. For the last time they shook Messaros' hand, and scattered in the darkness of the forest. Leaning on his trusty weapon, Messaros looked silently and sorrowfully after them till the

last one had disappeared in the shade of the trees.

"It is over!" he murmured. "Candia cannot be saved! Well, we will flee with wife and child. It is God's will that we should be defeated here, but in another field he will grant us the victory. Poor and wounded, I forsake home. Let that go! One thing at least remains—confidence in God. This is treasure, the most splendid wealth."

Throwing his gun over his shoulder, he turned in the direction of his house. But now, after the subsidence of the excitement of the conflict, he first began to feel his exhaustion from the long endurance and loss of blood, and it was with difficulty he could drag himself along. His pale countenance was blackened with powder, and the blood from his bleeding brow, as it trickled down, soiled his gay uniform with crimson stains. But he did not allow himself time to bind up

the wounds and stop the flow of blood, for he was urged impulsively onward to save his wife and child. This very night he must reach his home and flee with his family. Tomorrow, perhaps, would be too late. He well knew the Turks—how in the flush of victory they would rush with violence against the conquered; he knew that no one would find mercy at their hands. He must save his precious wife and beloved boy. All else house, plantations-might be laid in desolation, if only his family were saved. He hastened to place in safety Helen and Philip, his most precious jewels.

Thus he staggered forward leaning on his gun, which to-day in battle had rendered him such faithful service. He knew accurately every turn in the road, so that he did not even need the feeble light of the moon to keep him in the right path. From time to time he had to stop from exhaustion, and by

a few moments' rest recover his wasted strength; then, like a deer pursued by the hunter, he paused to listen if perchance the enemy might be on his track. But all was still. Nothing was heard in the dark solitude but the night-wind among the rustling leaves and the soft murmurs of the running brook.

"They also are exhausted by the long conflict, and I shall be in time. The cave on the sea-coast will afford us a safe refuge, and a ship will soon come and take us over to Morea. Hence, hence! Hours fly, and the moment presses on! They will be there as early as possible to-morrow to plunder the house of the wealthy Messaros, to share his property and to destroy what they cannot bear away with the spoils. Let them! They may rob me of everything, if I can only keep my dear wife and beloved child."

He staggered on and on, till about midnight he stood before his house utterly exhausted. He was hardly strong enough to knock at the door or raise his voice to a feeble call.

"Helen! Helen! open!" he groaned.
"Danger is nigh, and we must flee!"

A low answer from within and hurried steps were heard, then the door was opened, and the next moment the faithful wife was in the arms of her husband.

"Messaros, you are wounded! Ah me!" she cried.

"Yes, wounded and in flight," answered Messaros. "Although I am worn and exhausted, yet we must not tarry here a moment. We are defeated, and the persecutors press at our heels. Hasten, my wife! Snatch your valuables which lie at hand, waken Philip, and follow me. We must flee as though the avenger of death was after us,

and not a moment must be lost, or we may be ruined."

Pale and alarmed, Helen heard these words. Her worst presentiments were fulfilled; all was lost, and the last hope was in flight. She trembled with fear and pain, but she soon collected herself, and with Christian fortitude met the fearful crisis; she rose from her momentary despondency, and soon regained her self-possession and peaceful confidence.

"Everything shall be done as you say, Messaros," she replied, with a firm and composed voice. "But you must first rest a few minutes and take a little refreshment. Sit down; I will bring bread and wine, and whilst you are enjoying the repast, I will care for the other things."

"No, no, we must flee; I will drag myself hence," replied Messaros. "If I cannot, then do you escape with the boy, without me. You two at least must be saved; as to

myself, God's will be done! Away, away! The enemy may even now be at hand! Conceal yourselves in the shell-cave on the strand. There no enemy will look for you, but a ship will come to take you up. Flee! I command it."

"Messaros, we will not leave the house without you," replied Helen, firmly. "In misfortune my place is at your side as well as in prosperity. But do not fear; the enemy are not yet so near, and we will escape together."

Messaros did not reply, for his strength utterly forsook him, and fainting, he sank down on a divan in the hall in a condition of stupor. The tofaika dropped from his powerless hands. Helen looked upon him with the tenderest sympathy, brushed the tangled hair from his brow, and pressed a kiss on the pale and blood-stained forehead. "God protect you and us!" she sighed, and

then quickly hurried away to get wine and food, and also linen to bind up the wounds. In a short time she returned, and soon restored him to consciousness. He raised himself and looked around wildly.

"O God, are you still here?" he faintly murmured. "Flee! flee! I am now strong enough to follow you. Bring the boy, and let us hasten!"

Helen delayed no longer. She hurried up the stairs into the upper story of the house and roused the boy, who had fallen asleep upon the lounge. He rose quickly. A few words explained to him what had transpired while he was asleep, and he was delighted to hear of the return of his beloved father. Whilst his mother was gathering her most precious jewels and other valuables, with the utmost haste he quickly ran down the stairs and threw himself into the arms of his father, who pressed him to his bosom with a smile

at once sad and full of tenderness. Immediately after came the mother, and Messaros urged their instant departure. He arose with difficulty, and in order to advance was obliged to lean on the arm of his wife. Even thus he was able to proceed only a few steps, for his strength was utterly exhausted.

"Flee, I pray you!" said he. "Flee, and leave me to my fate. I will willingly die if I know that you are safe."

Helen, instead of answering, caught her husband in her arms and bore him down almost the entire declivity.

"Now support yourself firmly on me; I am strong enough to help you forward," said she, determinedly. "The cave is not far distant, and we can reach it. If not, we will die together! No one shall say that the wife of Messaros had cowardly forsaken, in time of need, the father of her child! Never, never shall we separate!"

"Certainly, father, never!" said little Philip.
"I would rather have the Turks kill me than
that I should leave your side."

Thus pressed, Messaros was obliged to yield, and with difficulty dragged himself a few steps farther. The fugitives were approaching the entrance to the garden, and had almost reached it, when suddenly a wild clamor sounded from the gate, and immediately it was thundered against with the butts of the guns. In breathless terror Messaros and his family stood as if spell-bound. The next instant the weak gate was broken down, and a small troop of Turks plunged into the garden with frantic shouts.

"Too late! too late!" sighed Messaros, with heavy heart. "We are all lost! O my God! my God! defend the mother and her child! Helen, quick! Hasten into the thicket! You will be safe there for the time at least, for the night is dark and the moon-

light is faint. Leave me at once; you and the boy may yet save yourselves! Go, Philip, and take your mother with you. As soon as they have pressed into the house you can escape. Hasten, quick; hasten and leave me!"

"No," answered the lad. "I will not go a step from your side!"

Helen was silent; but, being quickly resolved, she took hold of her husband and placed him on her weak shoulders and carried him as fast as she was able to the thicket near by. Philip followed her. Like shadows they glided over the soft sod with noiseless steps. They fortunately reached the thicket without being observed by the Turks, who entered the deserted house with raging clamor. As they found no one on whom they could exercise their brutal cruelty, they ravaged and destroyed what they could not or would not take with them, and then threw

a firebrand into the house which had seen so many happy days. The roof was soon in flames, and like a giant torch illuminated the region far and wide. By the light of the fire the Turks discovered the unfortunate fugitives, who, indeed, had profited by the confusion to slip away, but, alas! too slowly. A wild cry of triumph proclaimed their discovery. Once more Messaros implored his wife and son to save themselves and leave him to his fate, but Helen and Philip could not be persuaded to leave him, and were deaf to all his entreaties. The Turks hastened to the place, surrounded the unfortunates, struck to the ground the father, who had spread his arms protectingly over his beloved ones, and finally dragged the prisoners back to the burning house in order to decide their doom. The sentence was soon passed. It was: "Sell them as slaves in the market at Canea."



CHAPTER III.

THE SEPARATION AT THE SLAVE MART.

"Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands."

THE slave market at Canea had become well known since the stalwart forms of the captive Greeks were exposed for sale. On set days buyers assembled from all parts of Turkey, who examined the unfortunate Christians like cattle, and bought them as such from the slave-dealers. On that day, too, when Messaros, with wife and child, was offered for sale, the higgling multitude pressed around, measuring with practiced eyes the forms of the prisoners, and estimating them according to their bodily ability.

The unhappy family of Messaros awaited

the decision of their fate in deep silence and with hearts full of sorrow. Alas! they had but little to hope. There was but one wish —the last—for whose fulfillment they earnestly prayed to God: it was that they might not be separated, but that a purchaser might be found who would buy all three as his property. If only this could be realized, all else would be easy. They had already resigned themselves to suffer and endure future wrongs, and they longed only for this one boon, that they might suffer and endure together. It was sad and heartrending to see the little group stand there, close together. with hands firmly entwined, awaiting with unutterable anguish the climax of their destiny. Alas! grief had already left her sad traces upon the countenances of the unhappy family. Messaros, whose wounds had been healed, stood pale and haggard; his trembling wife pressed near him, and at their feet cowered little Philip, whose eyes—at other times so clear and sparkling—were now red and inflamed from the many tears that he had shed in these last few days—days so fraught with evil to him and to them all.

The buyers came and went, examining with indifferent looks the poor captives, whose hearts were heavy with sorrow. As often as one appeared, Messaros trembled, thinking that the moment of lasting separation had come, and breathed freely again when the purchaser, with contemptuous look, turned his back and showed signs of rejecting the group of sufferers. What matter was it to him that the Turk despised him because his body was bent, his limbs emaciated and his look languid? If he had been as strong, courageous and powerful as when he took up arms against the oppressors of his people, a buyer would have long since been found, and perhaps he would have been torn from the

arms of his family. Therefore he blessed God for his weakness, and feigned himself weaker and more miserable than he really was, in order that he might postpone as long as possible the bitter moment of the threatened farewell.

Alas! this moment of sorrow must finally come, and it was approaching fast. A Turkish merchant pressed through the crowd of the market, stopped before the table on which Messaros and his family were offered and exhibited only as lifeless merchandise, and observed Messaros a few minutes with cold and searching glances. Then he stepped nearer, touched his arms and legs, and tested in many ways the suppleness of his joints. He now inquired the price of the slave, and laughed scornfully when a tolerably high price was named.

"The boy is not worth half that," said he.
"Sick, weakly, covered with wounds as he is,

he may be dead in a few weeks. It is a venture, at any rate, to purchase him."

"Pshaw!" answered the slave-dealer. "Do but observe him fully. He is yet in the bloom of life, and with proper nursing he will soon be perfectly restored. His limbs are powerful, his muscles like iron, his bones like steel, his breast is broad as a shield; in a few weeks he will not be dead, but worth twice as much as I ask you. Do not think long, friend Aga, but purchase the slave. You will not find a better in the market from one end to the other."

The Turk shook his head disdainfully and turned away, but the slave-dealer held him fast by the arm.

"Take the entire family, Aga," said he. "I will sell them to you at a ridiculously low price. The woman will render you good service, for she is strong and healthy, useful for every kind of house or garden work. By

Allah, you will never rue the bargain! For fifty piasters more the man, wife and child shall be your property. Do not deliberate, strike the bargain; you will never make a better trade."

The Turk hesitated, stood looking at Messaros, then examining him, and also noticed the unhappy Helen, but did not seem to see the boy at all, who was weeping and nestling against his mother, and hiding his pale little face in the folds of her garment.

"Come on," said he; "I will give you twenty-five piasters more for the man and woman, but without the boy. What can I do with the child? I cannot use him. Away with him! Why do you deliberate? It is my last offer!"

Helen awaited the answer of the slavedealer with a deadly fear, trembling in all her limbs, and pressed her son—her beloved child—to her breast with a look so full of sorrow and astonishment that it would have touched with pity the heart of a tiger. Messaros likewise awaited the dreadful decision with nervous suspense, kneeled at the side of his wife, and embraced her and his boy so firmly, so eagerly, as if he wished never to let go, as if he would hold them to his heart for ever. His countenance, indeed, was pale and his breathing heavy, whilst his gaze was fixed on the lips of the slave-dealer, on whose decision his happiness or misery depended. Alas! he knew now of no better fortune than this only, at least not to be parted from those whom he loved so tenderly and with all the strength of his heart.

Meanwhile, what did the Turk care for the deadly fear of the mother or the torture of the father? He saw their calamity, their despair, but his heart was without a touch of pity or sympathy. It made no difference to him if the hearts of the miserable captives were torn apart and trodden upon, if he could

only extort a few more piasters from the purchaser.

"No, indeed!" said he. "Fifty piasters more, and the three are yours. I will not take a para less! They are worth twice that, and if you do not buy them, it is likely some one else will."

"But what shall I do with the child?" replied the purchaser, full of vexation; "he will only be a burden! Listen to my last offer—forty piasters more, without the boy! Will you take it or not?"

"Oh have compassion, my lord!" now cried the unhappy mother as she imploringly stretched her trembling hands toward the hard purchaser. "You are rich. Do give the ten piasters more, and buy the boy along with us. Do not part us. Do not tear asunder our hearts. Oh, dear sir, it will not be your loss should you give the small sum. We will work twice as diligently if you will

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have pity on our child. Gratitude will increase our strength fourfold. Pity a sorrowing mother, an unfortunate father, a weak, helpless child. Where shall we find pity if not at your hands? Oh, mercy, mercy upon us and our child!"

The unfeeling purchaser cast a cold, dark and threatening look on the poor mother, and then carelessly turned away without even deigning to give her an answer.

"Make up your mind quickly," he said to the slave-dealer; "forty piasters more for the two without the boy, and not a para more. Will you take it?"

Now Messaros also arose, and before the slave-seller could answer, he threw himself at the feet of the cruel purchaser and embraced his knees.

"Sir, have pity on an unfortunate family!" he exclaimed in tones of the deepest pain. "What are ten piasters to you? And what

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happiness you can purchase with them for us! Look at my arms and hands; it is true they are just now weak from wounds and misery, but they will soon become strong, and you shall not be able to boast of a truer and more diligent slave than I will be to you if you will have pity on us and our child, and not tear our only and beloved one from our hearts. I will work the skin off my hands, and let my fingers bleed, and the sweat of my brow shall enrich your fields, if only you will not part my boy, my Philip, from me and his mother. What the boy will cost you our work shall repay. He will soon become large and strong, and be a faithful slave to you. We will instill into him gratitude and love for his benefactor, and we will pray the Lord of the world to bless you. Oh have pity on us!"

The Turk replied by kicking the panting breast of Messaros, who rolled over in the

dust. The Turk again asked the slave-dealer: "Will you take it or not? forty piasters more! decide quickly, for the whining of these Christian dogs is becoming a bore to me."

Before the slave-dealer could answer, Messaros rose up once more and threw himself again at the feet of the cruel Turk.

"Hear me, hear me!" he cried in tones of despair. "If you buy us without the boy, ruin will come upon you and God's curse will rest upon your head. Grief, care and longing for our child will kill me and my wife, and you will have thrown away your gold for nothing."

"Christian dog!" roared the Turk, as he again kicked the despairing father from him; "if you utter another word, I will stab you with this poniard. The lash and hunger will no doubt drive away your care for the boy. Do not pollute me with your touch. Away

now! And say, you fellow, will you take the forty piasters or not?"

"But what shall I do with the child?" inquired the slave-dealer.

"For all I care, throw the cub into the sea or kill him!" answered the Turk. "What do I care about him? Speak out, or I will go and look elsewhere for what I seek! There is no scarcity of slaves here."

"Well, take the two," said the slave-dealer, when he perceived that the purchaser had resolved to adhere to his offer and conditions. "Take them, and whoever likes may take the young dog!"

A piteous, heartrending cry rang through the market when this barbarous answer was made by the slave-dealer. It was wrung from the heart of the miserable mother, who, pressing her boy—her sweet, loved and only child—to her heart, sank pale and fainting to the ground. Messaros, likewise convulsed with unspeakable anguish, kneeled beside her and wept bitter tears on her pale, cold face. Philip sobbed aloud and wrung his little hands in inconsolable dread.

"Now is the time!" whispered the Turk to the slave-dealer. "Take the boy away while his mother is unconscious and his father is not observing him. If she were to awake and the boy were still here, there might be a tumult which would gather all the people in the market about us. As it is, there are gapers enough already about. Away with him quickly, or, by Allah, I will annul the bargain!"

This threat, accompanied by a stern glance, and spoken in a firm, determined voice, alarmed the slave-dealer. He watched for a moment when Messaros, attending to his wife, was not observing him, and then, seizing the child with his strong hand, and lifting him

above his head, pitched him out into the crowd of inquisitive spectators whom the piercing cry of the mother had drawn together. The boy disappeared among the multitude. When the mother recovered her consciousness, she looked for him in vain. With a cry of agony she called, "Philip! Philip!" But no answer was made to her anxious and despairing call. Messaros tried to hasten away to hunt his child in the crowd, but a blow from the fist of the slave-dealer felled him to the ground. His new master beckoned some servants to him and ordered them to fetter the new slaves. Heavy chains were fastened around Messaros and his wife.

Dumb in their unutterable misery, and having no power of will, they permitted everything to be done to them, and followed without resistance the guidance of the servants who were leading them from the market. They saw their boy, their beloved child, no

more. Pale and tearless they stepped through the unfeeling and mocking crowd. What of changes or sufferings was yet in store for them was no longer of any concern. The grief at the loss of little Philip was so indescribably great that every other pain, in comparison, did not seem worthy of a thought. Their hearts were crushed by this overwhelming sorrow.

They were led out of the gate toward the port. Suddenly a stranger stepped up to Helen, the unhappy mother, seized her hand and said: "Hope, hope, poor woman! God has taken pity on your child and given some comfort for your sorrowing hearts. Your son shall be to me a child, and I will love him as a father. Be comforted, and suffer patiently. God will not forsake you, and you will again see that which is dearest on earth to you!"

Helen, roused from the depth of her misery, looked up and beheld a mild, friendly face, whose eyes glistened with sympathy. A faint smile of joy passed over her pale and delicate features; she wished to speak a few words to the man who had dropped a word of hope into their despairing hearts, but the slaves of the new master tore her away, and the stranger caught only the words: "O merciful God, thanks-" which escaped her quivering lips. A ship ready to sail took them in, and a few hours after they were far from their island home, far away from their child, at whose remembrance the mother's heart trembled and her eyes were filled with tears. Messaros, equally sorrowful, tried in vain to console and lift her up. Their only consolation was in God, and the hope that something was in store for their son better than the sad lot of his poor and unhappy parents.



CHAPTER IV.

THE SON OF THE PASHA.

"But I, with all my care, will lean upon the Lord."

ICHAEL SANTOS was the name of the man who had found and taken up little Philip, when he was torn, weeping and helpless, from the side of his parents and flung among the gaping crowd by the merciless slave-dealer. He was a poor man, and could not boast of any property excepting a small hut in the outskirts of Canea, where he lived alone. He earned his scanty living by giving lessons in the elements of reading, writing and arithmetic to the children in the houses of the more wealthy Turks. As he received but small pay for his faithful ser-

vices, he was compelled to practice great economy in his living, and it was, therefore, no small sacrifice for him to take care of Philip. But that caused him little concern, for, poor as he was in earthly possessions, his heart was rich in all the graces of the religion of Christ. Michael Santos was a good and faithful Christian, full of love and mercy toward his fellow-beings. As he was obliged to witness on the slave mart, whither chance had led him that morning, how cruelly the parents of Philip were treated, his heart throbbed with deep and sincere sympathy, and for the first time in his life he wished himself rich as a sultan, that he might purchase the poor, unfortunate family from the slave-dealer and restore them to freedom. The sufferings of the mother and the pangs of the father he felt re-echoing in his soul: and when little Philip flew through the air like a ball, he instinctively stretched out his

arms, caught him, pressed him to his breast and whispered in his ear: "Be quiet, dear boy! God has led me hither to-day that I might take you up and share my poverty with you. Be quiet; no further harm shall come upon you, and I will be to you a father! Poor, unfortunate child, who could be so cruel as to abandon you!"

With loving words he soothed the heart of the boy and bore him in his arms to his little, lowly cot. Here he put him in the care of a kind woman, in order to return to the market and hear further concerning the fate of the parents. Messaros and his wife were already taken away by their new master, and only after many inquiries did the brave Michael Santos learn that they had been dragged toward the harbor. As quickly as possible he hastened thither, and to his great joy and satisfaction arrived in time to speak a word of hope and comfort to the despairing mother.

As they were torn away from his presence, he inquired after the name of their master, and learned that it was Mustafa Kodosi, a merchant from Bagdad. The name he determined to remember, with an undefined hope that it might be of service to him in the future, or at least some satisfaction to Philip. Sad and cast down because of the pitiable lot of the unfortunate family which was so cruelly separated, he returned to his cot and busied himself with little Philip, till the latter—although not entirely comforted, yet in some degree quieted—fell asleep in his arms.

"Slumber gently, dear boy," he said, softly. "In sleep you will forget your pain, and God and time will help to lighten your sorrows. Poor child, called so early to encounter the woes of life, may God strengthen your young heart to bear this burden of his providence! Sleep soundly, my boy; you are with a friend. As far as I

am concerned, you shall never miss a father's heart while with me!"

Gently as any mother he placed the slumbering child in his own bed, and sitting beside him, and bending over the pale face still wet with tears, he prayed long and earnestly for his welfare.

The impression which the rude and cruel behavior of the slave-dealer, as well as the harsh unmercifulness of the purchaser toward his parents, had made upon Philip was so deep and painful that the boy recovered but slowly from it, although the good Michael Santos tried hard to make him forget the sad past. He did not succeed, and it was time alone, which softens every woe, that gradually exercised its beneficial influence over Philip. His pale cheeks grew red, his dull eyes sparkled again, and the tender, loving words of his good foster-father finally found their way into his heart. Philip became like other

boys of his age; he found many playmates; and Michael, when he thus beheld him in the circle of his companions, cheerful and happy, cherished the hope that the boy, if he had not forgotten, had at least learned to bear the loss of his parents. He never for an instant regretted that he had taken up the orphan and brought him to his hut. Philip repaid the kindness of his foster-father with heartfelt love and attachment, and hardly ever did Michael Santos have occasion to find fault with him. The boy was industrious, docile and obedient, and while he grew up to be a handsome youth, his mind and inner life developed so happily that Santos took great pleasure in him, and blessed the hour in which the boy crossed his threshold. To be sure, both had to struggle at times against want, when the income of the honest Michael was scant and insufficient; but these small inconveniences they bore with such indifference that they only seemed to show the inner peace and contentment of the pair.

From his fourteenth year, in which Philip was received into the Church by confirmation, he faithfully assisted his foster-father in his office, and lightened the burden of giving instruction, in which he now assisted his benefactor by his diligence. The morning hours he spent in this way, but in the afternoons he was accustomed to be mostly out-doors, and rambled through the mountain gorges and valleys, gathering clams on the seashore and rare plants in the forest; yet never, or seldom, brought any booty home. Michael was gratified to see Philip busy himself in this manner, for thus he became fresh and strong like the tall palm trees in the mountain forests.

Philip was also frequently engaged at the harbor; assisted the sailors of incoming and outgoing ships in loading or unloading their freight, and took hold with such alacrity that

the ship captains and merchants were glad to employ him, and paid him more than other laborers and stevedores. Wonderful to relate, Philip made a secret of this employment to his foster-father, and that he might not be detected by him in the harbor, he only worked on such days as he knew Santos would be busy in giving lessons till late in the evening. Michael neither knew anything about the money which Philip was thus earning, nor did he ever receive any of it. Philip did not allow it to be seen at all; it disappeared, and no one besides himself knew where it was. The youth certainly did not spend it. His clothing was poor, although very tidy; he had no pleasure in bright weapons or shining jewels, like his companions and playmates, and he never spent a para to give himself a pleasure, and yet he earned considerable by his work and gathering of rare plants, clams, etc., which he sold to merchants, sailors and others. What did he do with the money? Where did he deposit it? He spoke to no one about it, not even to his foster-father, although he kept no other secret from him.

Philip was now seventeen years old. On the whole island of Candia no handsomer youth could be found. Those that knew him loved him, for he was not like many youths who blindly plunge into life and commit many errors either through indifference or folly. Philip was always gentle, friendly and agreeable to every one, and the only thing that his foster-father reproved him for was a quiet, sad sobriety which, in spite of the smile of his lips, never left his brow.

When he was by himself, or imagined himself so, this seriousness, which so little befitted his youth, passed into deep sadness, and several times did Michael Santos find him with tears in his eyes, of which Philip never wished to render any account. All the

STATE OF THE PARTY OF

inquiries which Michael made concerning his sadness he answered evasively, and so earnestly assured his good foster-father that there was nothing the matter with him that Santos had to believe him and not press his questioning.

It happened one day, as Philip was taking his accustomed ramble over the mountains, that, deep in the forests, far from all inhabited regions, he thought he heard a cry for help. Fearless and brave by nature, and trusting to his bodily strength, he did not reflect an instant, but hastened to the spot from which the cry seemed to come. He was unarmed, but on the way he snatched a stout branch of a tree and hastened into the thicket. As he approached he heard the ringing of sabres: even a few shots were fired, and he could doubt no longer that some act of violence perhaps robbery and murder-were going on, which, at a time when war and tyranny

had brutalized the dispositions of men, were of frequent occurrence. After a few seconds, Philip came to an open place in the forest, and saw there three fierce-looking men against whom a handsome, richly-dressed youth, with his back against a tree, was still defending himself feebly and with much difficulty. It was he who had called for help, whilst he was bravely fighting against such fearful odds. At his side lay a man with a fearful wound in his forehead and apparently dead. He was probably the servant of the youth, for not far from the spot stood two splendidly-caparisoned horses, which undoubtedly belonged to the party attacked.

Philip in a moment comprehended the state of things, and was fully convinced that his suspicion of a murderous attack, with a view of robbing, was correct. Without considering the larger number of the robbers or his own danger, he plunged forward and placed himself at the side of the youth, and with one blow of the heavy stick he dashed the most furious of the robbers to the ground. "Courage!" he called out to the youth, who appeared to be of equal age with himself— "courage! we will soon finish these rascals!"

The youth uttered a cry of joy, and the consciousness that he now had a brave helper at his side appeared to inspire him with fresh courage and a new impulse to fight. He pressed forward as Philip with his club broke the sabre of the second bandit, and with a sudden blow knocked him down; the third fled as fast as possible, and in a few seconds disappeared in the thicket near by.

The two lads permitted the knave to run, and did not think of pursuit. The rescued youth cast himself on Philip's breast, and pressed him to his heart with grateful love.

"Friend! brother!" he cried; "you have saved my life from these shameless robbers,

and, by Allah and my father's beard, I will never forget it! Thanks for your faithful assistance. My father and I will know how to reward you for it!"

"What do you mean?" answered Philip, with a smile. "Does that call for a reward which was only my duty? I doubt not you would have done the same if I had been in your situation; therefore not a word more about it! Let us rather look after the wounded man, who I suppose is your servant, and who seems badly hurt."

"Yes, yes, my poor Hassan!" cried the youth, and knelt down beside the wounded man. "Why, the faithful fellow is dead!"

"Patience," replied Philip. "True, indeed, it is a severe blow that cast him down, but it may not on that account be mortal. Let us see what can be done."

A hasty examination showed that the servant was not dead, and after the earnest exertions of the young men he finally opened his eyes.

"My governor, you live!" he said, with a weak but glad tone. "Allah be thanked!

Now I will cheerfully die!"

"No more about dying, my good Hassan," replied the young stranger. "You will recover, and soon be strong enough to mount your horse again."

Hassan cast a timid and frightened glance about him, and said: "The robbers, master—where are they?"

"Two lie slain at the root of that sycamore, and the third has escaped," answered his master. "Fear nothing! The banditti will not return. This is the friend who lent us his powerful arm."

"Your father will rejoice when he embraces you unharmed. The danger was terrible. Pray who are you, young man, that saved the

son of the pasha out of the murderous hands of robbers?"

Philip hesitated. Was it indeed the son of the pasha whom he had assisted! But he soon recovered himself from the surprise, and answered modestly: "I am your slave, sir! a poor Greek orphan whom an honest, good man took to himself out of compassion, and brought up. My name is Philip Messaros."

"Ah! you are a Greek, a Christian!" exclaimed the youth, in surprise, drawing back. "But no matter. You are good and valiant, and in spite of your faith we will remain friends. Give me your hand, Philip, and be my brother."

"Oh, sir!" began Philip, crossing his arms over his breast after the Oriental fashion—
"sir, it will not become me to be your—"

"Say nothing about become and sir," quickly interrupted the youth. "Call me Achmet and brother! You have risked your

life for my sake, and for that I can offer you nothing less than my friendship. Accompany me to my father. He loves me, and the deliverer of his son will be welcome. Do not refuse, Philip. My father will certainly desire to see you, and therefore it is best that you immediately follow me. Up, Hassan! Do you feel strong enough to hold yourself on the horse?"

"Yes, my master," replied the servant.

"The blow of the bandit stunned me more than it really injured me."

"Well, then, we will delay no longer," said Achmet. Hassan was lifted into the saddle, and Achmet insisted upon Philip's mounting the other horse. But he declined, giving as an excuse his inability to ride and the necessity of leading Hassan's horse, since the wounded man would scarcely have the strength to guide it with the bridle. Achmet had to yield, and rode by the side of Philip,

whilst the latter, carefully searching for the best road, led Hassan's horse by the bridle.

"Whither shall I lead you?" he inquired.
"Your father's residence, no doubt, is in the seaport town of Candia?"

"Yes, generally," replied Achmet; "but for some days past we have occupied a country residence near Canea, and I am surprised that you do not know it."

"I learn little of the important events that transpire," answered Philip. "My foster-father is poor, and we have no time to visit the market to inquire after the news. But tell me how it happened that you fell into the hands of the robbers."

"That is easily answered," replied Achmet, pleasantly. "I am fond of hunting, and to escape the tiresomeness of doing nothing at home, I rode with Hassan into the forests, and was looking for game. The report of our guns in all probability attracted the robbers,

and just as we dismounted to breakfast they fell upon us, beat Hassan, who attacked them to protect me, and then pressed upon me, three against one. Then you arrived and became our deliverer; for certainly I would have been overcome by the scoundrels, and they would have killed Hassan and me if you had not come to our assistance. What a pity that you are a Christian, and not a follower of the Prophet! My father would open your way to a glorious future, and we would never separate again. But, as it is, my father is a zealous Mussulman. Philip, if you would give up your faith and profess ours, by Allah, it would be no injury to you!"

"Never, never!" replied Philip, gently but firmly. "I would rather endure the worst evil than forsake *Christ!* Pardon me, Achmet, but you yourself would despise me if I should be willing to become a renegade for temporal advantages. No, never, never!" "You are right, brother, and I do not blame you!" replied Achmet, warmly pressing the hand of his young friend. "I indeed feel a person ought not deny that which he has owned to be true and right. Remain firm in your faith, and we will nevertheless continue friends."

The sun was low in the western horizon when Philip and the two horsemen arrived at the splendid country-seat in which the mighty pasha of Candia had for a season erected his seat of sovereignty. Achmet leaped from his horse, bade the servants who were hastening to meet him take care of the wounded Hassan, took Philip by the hand and led him into the castle. In a splendidly-furnished apartment he requested him to tarry a while till he had informed his father of the day's occurrences. Philip sat down on one of the costly divans which were placed along the walls of the room, leaned his head on his

hand, and thoughtfully gazed on the marble fountain in the centre of the room, and the playful splashing of the waters, that filled the air with the most refreshing coolness. But his thoughts were not taken up with the magnificence of his surroundings, but reverted to an incident which for years had secretly occupied his heart. He was so absorbed in his thoughts that he did not hear the raising of the curtain as Achmet came in and approached his friend with a smile of wonder.

"Philip," said he as he gently laid his hand on the shoulder of the dreamer, "my father asks for you and wishes to speak to you. Follow me, my friend."

Philip quickly sprang up. Achmet led him through a number of splendid chambers, till at length he reached the one where his father was awaiting the young Greek.

The pasha was alone. He reclined carelessly on soft silken cushions and smoked his pipe, whose amber tip was set with costly and sparkling jewels. As Philip entered he looked kindly on him, who, according to Oriental custom, with arms crossed over his breast, bowed low before the mighty ruler of the island of Candia. The pasha observed him a few moments with a searching glance, and then said kindly: "You are welcome. Achmet has told me that he owes you his life, and, by the beard of the Prophet, that service shall be rewarded! Seat yourself beside me and narrate your past life. I will then see what can be done for you. Do not be afraid, but speak freely. I am the pasha and your friend."

Achmet led the hesitating Philip to the soft cushions, where he was constrained to be seated. Taking a seat by his side, and grasping his hand, he whispered in his ear: "Speak freely! My father is well disposed toward you, as I have already told you."

Philip raised his eye to the powerful and revered ruler without the shrinking timidity and embarrassment that, under the circumstances, might have been expected. Pasha Ibrahim was a handsome, portly man, with a high brow, large, sparkling eyes, and a long, black beard, which waved down in heavy curls on his breast. One could easily imagine that those keen eyes might sparkle with rage and scorn, if these passions were called forth; but now their expression was so kind and gentle that Philip looked up to the mighty ruler without fear or trepidation.

"Sir," said he, modestly, "I have done nothing remarkable, and your valiant son would likely have subdued the robbers without my help. He fought bravely and skillfully against superior force."

"Did he? Did my Achmet act thus?" said the pasha, in a delighted tone. "Yes, yes; he is a young lion who will bear honor

to his father! But no matter; you gave him timely aid, and without you who knows whether he would ever have returned alive! You are a Greek, are you not? Who are your parents?"

An expression of such deep grief passed over the countenance of poor Philip at this question that the pasha at once noticed it and quickly added: "Ah, poor boy, you have no parents; pardon me, that I reminded you of it!"

"No, sir, no!" answered Philip, in a sorrowful tone; "they still live, but they live in slavery, which, no doubt, is worse and more bitter than death!"

"How did that happen?" asked the pasha, attentively. "Tell me, my son."

Philip tried to compose himself and to suppress his feelings of grief. With wonderful accuracy he narrated the events of his youth, which had indelibly stamped themselves on his young mind. He told of his being taken, with his parents, as prisoners; of the horrible scene on the slave mart, and of Michael Santos, his honorable foster-father. The pasha listened to him with great thoughtfulness and feeling. He asked: "Have you, since that time, had no information concerning your parents?"

"None!" replied Philip, sadly.

"Has nothing been done to get any word from them?"

"Nothing!" said Philip. "My foster-father is poor and could not do anything. I have no friends beside him, for the friends of my father have fled and left Candia for ever; and for myself, what could I do for my unfortunate parents? I was compelled to endure and hope. Only when I grew older and stronger was I able to do anything. I tried to find ways and means to earn money. Like my foster-father, I imparted instruction

in the houses of the wealthy Turks: I gathered clams, plants, insects and stones, and sold them; I went as often as possible to the harbor, and was hired as a stevedore. By these means I earned a little money, and saved it for the future. I fasted and economized, and did not allow myself any enjoyment or pleasure which cost money; for oh, sir, this money which I have earned and saved shall go for the ransom of my poor parents, who are pining in slavery under a hard master! My little treasure has grown from year to year, and not many more shall pass before I will have enough to buy back my parents and lead the dearly-loved ones back to their home!"

Philip ended his narrative with tearful eyes. Achmet cast himself weeping on his breast, and even the proud, powerful pasha was unable to resist the emotion which was softening his heart. He cast a long and wondering

look upon the youth, and several times stroked his long and wavy beard. "By the soul of the Prophet and the beard of the ruler of the faithful!" he finally said, "you are a good son and a brave youth. Pity that you are not a Mussulman! But no matter; if your parents are yet alive-and, by Allah, I hope they are !—they shall become free, and there shall be no lack of ransom money! Allah il Allah, what a good son! By the beard of Mohammed, you deserve the privilege and joy, which Providence will give you, of leading your liberated parents back to their home. God is great and Mohammed is his Prophet! I am not mistaken when I hope that Allah has preserved them for your joy! You will find them again, and you shall not want anything that the pasha of Candia can bestow. What an excellent son! Thus should all children love their parents! Speak, boy! do you know where your parents were

conveyed after they were taken into the ship?"

"My good foster-father told me that they were taken to Bagdad," replied Philip, whose heart trembled with joy at the promises and assurances of the powerful pasha. "Their master's name is Mustafa Kodosi, a rich merchant. I well remember his name, and shall never forget it. Indelibly has it been stamped on my memory. Waking and dreaming have I repeated it; waking and dreaming have I whispered this name, which is the bane of my whole life! Oh, sir, if you wish to favor a child that loves his parents above everything, let your face be turned approvingly on me! Ah, this is the only desire of my life: the freeing of my unfortunate parents! If I had a thousand lives, I would cheerfully give them for their freedom!"

"Quiet, my boy, compose yourself," said the pasha. "If they are alive, they shall be free. My power extends far—to the gate of the ruler of the faithful—and, by Allah and the beard of the Prophet, I owe it to you that I use my power in your behalf! Leave me now, my son. I will consider how you can be best helped. I will have you called tomorrow; then you shall hear what is possible. Allah be with you! You are in truth a good son, a loving child. Go, and be comforted; the pasha will remember you."





CHAPTER V.

A POWERFUL PROTECTOR.

"Let the sighing of the prisoner come before Thee."

A S Philip came out of the palace of the pasha, he was so carried away with his feelings of quiet ecstasy that he could not at first recall the conversation which passed between Achmet and himself. But when he passed out into the open air, and somewhat recovered himself, he gave vent to his feelings in an exclamation of joy. He wept, and prayed, and laughed in turn, and hastened, as if on the wings of the wind, to his foster-father, the good Michael Santos. Sobbing, he threw himself on his breast, and was so overcome by the tumult of his feelings that

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he could only mutter a few words, which rather confused the honest Santos as to the cause of this unusual excitement.

"Philip, my son, compose yourself," said Santos. "Whatever may have happened, you must trust the Lord, and in looking up to him learn to control your feelings. Be calm, my child, and relate to me in a few words what has so excited you."

"It is joy, my father!" exclaimed Philip, with sparkling eyes. "Something has happened that gives me unspeakable happiness! Michael, the faithful guardian of my childhood, you too shall rejoice in my fortune and thank the Lord; for know, I am to seek for my parents, break their chains, and lead them to their home free and happy! My God, my Saviour, where shall I find words to thank thee, and to proclaim my joy to all the world!"

Michael stared at his foster-son with won-

der. Years had passed without ever referring in their conversation to his parents, for Michael feared by any mention of them to sadden his foster-son, and Philip concealed his ardent love for them lest he should increase the cares of his foster-father by his grief and anxiety. But now the long-pent-up feeling found expression, and Philip no longer concealed what had been the secret aim and longing of his heart for years.

"You are dreaming, Philip," said Michael, full of anxiety, as he began to suspect that something had happened to confuse his son's mind, usually so clear and intelligent; "consider, my child, for how can this be possible? Your poor parents, if they are still alive, are separated from you by land and sea. Where will you get money to travel to Bagdad and buy them out of bondage? You are poor, and I do not know any of our friends who are wealthy enough to assist you."

"But the pasha, father!" exclaimed Philip"Pasha Ibrahim! Is he not a powerful and wealthy man? Is not his a strong will?

Does not his power extend far and near?

And the pasha is my friend!"

"The pasha!" said Santos, surprised.

"How did you come to the pasha? How is it that he has become your friend?—the friend of a poor Grecian youth—an unbeliever? Certainly something must have unbalanced your mind and bereft you of your senses! Go, my child, lie down and rest. To-morrow I hope you will speak more sensibly."

Philip now appreciated the serious apprehension of the good Santos, and sought to allay it by subduing the great excitement of his feelings. A little more composed, he went on to relate his meeting with Achmet, the son of the pasha, and the subsequent interview with the great ruler in his own palace.

Santos listened with deep but by no means pleasurable emotions, and when Philip ended his story, he sadly shook his head and fell into a silent and gloomy reverie.

"Do speak," said Philip, "and rejoice with me! Do you not sympathize with me in the joy I feel at the thought of seeing my dear parents again, and redeeming them from their miserable captivity?"

"I can be neither glad nor rejoice," replied Santos. "I am rather filled with painful anxiety and sorrow. Oh, my son, have you really considered the dangers of the enterprise which you propose so eagerly but blindly to undertake? You, a lonely youth, wish to encounter the perils of a long voyage! You, a mere lad, wish to traverse the vast desert, with the burning sun above you and the fearful simoon upon your path! You, a Christian—an unbeliever—wish to plunge yourself into the midst of the savage

tribes of the desert, among the rapacious Bedouins, who do not spare even those of their own faith, and who treat Christians worse than dogs! Woe, woe to you if you should fall into their hands! Lasting, horrible slavery or a cruel death would be your lot! No, my boy, you must not forsake me! At least not until you are of age and able to endure the hardships of such a journey, and prudent enough to forecast and avoid its difficulties and dangers. Be quiet, my son! You do not know what you are about to undertake. I honor your love to your parents, but I also know that you will not in this way save them, but destroy yourself with them. No, you cannot leave me! I also have a claim upon you, Philip! I also love you as a father, and the anxiety for your welfare would destroy me, if you should forsake me to gratify a longing which could not benefit your parents and would injure you. Stay

with me, my son! If the pasha desires to do anything for you, it will be done without such an exposure of yourself to danger! I will never consent to your leaving me!"

"My father," replied Philip, softly yet firmly, seizing the hand of Michael and pressing it warmly—"my father, I must leave you, and I know you will give me your blessing to accompany me on the far and dangerous journey! What, dear father, you who have done everything for me, fulfilled my every wish, will you seek to hinder the accomplishment of that which is the most cherished hope of my life? Whatever dangers may threaten, God will be with me and never forsake me. What are the perils of the sea and the desert, when the Almighty covers me with his omnipotent hand? Trusting in him, hoping in him alone, I will begin my pilgrimage, and he will guide my feet and lead me to a happy issue. Yes, my father, we shall see each other again, and our hearts will unite in grateful praise to Him who is our help and Saviour."

"Yes, my child, but still it cannot be," returned Santos, with faltering voice. "You are too young. Wait a few years at least, and let us first make inquiries whether your parents are yet living. Are you certain that they were strong enough to endure the sufferings of slavery? The chain of bondage is heavy, my son."

"Just on that account I dare not linger," rejoined the ardent youth. "Every minute of delay would burn like fire in my soul and poison every drop of blood in my veins. What! The means offered me to rescue my poor parents from their miserable captivity, and I to doubt and hesitate for one moment to enter upon the path which has been opened to me! Oh, father, if every hour should threaten me with mortal danger, I would not

shrink, but go forward trusting in the Lord! If your worst fears should be realized, if I should die in the attempt to rescue my beloved parents, I would die with the consciousness that I have done my duty, which is more to me than this fleeting life. Let me depart, my father, and give me your blessing. For years I have toiled, planned and worked for the means to ransom my father and my mother, and now, when Heaven itself opens the door of deliverance, shall I refuse to enter? No, no, you will not refuse me your consent and your blessing!"

"Well, depart in peace," said Michael Santos, who could no longer resist. "Go, and God be with you! Your feeling is a holy and heavenly impulse, and I yield to its influence without further anxiety or sadness. If I were not old and feeble, if my body were not frail as a reed, I would accompany you; but as it is, I would be more of a hindrance

than a help to you. Go, and may God smooth your path and crown your enterprise with success! May you realize the ardent desire of your heart! may you find your parents alive, and rejoice for many years in their deliverance! My heart bows in silent acquiescence, and I will detain you no longer."

"Ah, surely they are alive!" cried Philip, with joy. "They will recognize me; my mother's eye will read mine, and her tears—tears of rapture—will be my sweet reward. I shall succeed, my father, for God will be with me! Do not doubt it, for this voice in my heart cannot deceive me!"

He leaned on the breast of his deeplymoved foster-father, who, folding his hands over the head of the youth, invoked in silent prayer the blessing of Heaven upon him.

Till late in the evening Santos and Philip conversed about the hazardous undertaking, which the former, overcome by his son's fer-

vent filial love, no longer desired to postpone to future years. He gave Philip much valuable counsel from his own experience during a long and an eventful life. It was late when they retired—Philip, with a heart full of happiness and sweet anticipations; Michael, with secret and anxious fears, which he lulled by prayer. He loved Philip as his own child, and it was therefore natural that with a heavy heart he looked upon an undertaking which in all probability would rob him for ever of his foster-son, the joy and support of his old age. Meanwhile, he knew it was a holy feeling that urged Philip onward. The honest Santos sought to reconcile himself to what was inevitable, and to possess his soul in Christian patience. After the struggle was over he closed his eyes in sweet slumber for the night.

The next morning Philip hourly awaited a message from Pasha Ibrahim to summon

him into his presence. They waited long, and Michael began to doubt whether it would come that day, when toward mid-day the noise of horses' hoofs was heard in the narrow alley in which Santos lived, and immediately a troop of splendidly-clad horsemen, glittering with gold and jewels, came dashing up and halted before Michael's hut. One of them, with resplendent and costly apparel—a blooming youth of Philip's age—sprang from the noble Arabian steed and entered the little room of our friends.

"Achmet!" cried Philip, with sparkling eyes. "My father, this is the generous youth to whom I am indebted for my fortune!"

"And this is the youth," smilingly replied the son of the pasha, "without whose aid I should never have been able to render a favor! Then this worthy old man is your fosterfather, my brother? I am glad to look upon his venerable countenance." Michael bowed low before the youth and said: "May your entrance into this hut be blessed! May you everywhere find hearts as grateful as ours! Please be seated; the accommodations I can offer are not very inviting, for we are poor."

"Poor in gold, but rich in virtues," replied Achmet. "And that is the best wealth, says the Prophet, for it will not leave us at death, but go with us to heaven. But I have not come to rest. Philip, my father sent me to accompany you to him; and you too, aged sir. He desires to see you, for the benefits which you have conferred upon your fosterson have won for you his respect. He says that you are a noble man, although but a Christian. Follow me, therefore; the horses are waiting without which will quickly carry us to the palace."

The wish of the pasha was equivalent to an order, and Michael dared not think of refusing to go. Neither did he fear the pasha, who had already shown himself so friendly to Philip, and only begged that he might be allowed to accompany them on foot, as he was not accustomed to ride. But Achmet was unwilling he should walk, saying: "Do not fear! I thought you might want a quiet and gentle horse, and I made the selection accordingly. You can ride this horse without fear; he is gentle, and has a very easy gait. Come on; my father wishes to see you, and would not be pleased if Philip should come without you."

Michael resisted no longer. He followed Achmet and Philip, and was placed by the attendants of the youth upon a beautiful but gentle horse, whilst Achmet and Philip mounted fiery steeds. At an easy pace they rode through the streets of the city, where the people gazed with astonishment on old Santos riding at the side of Achmet. They

soon reached the pasha's palace, where Santos was carefully lifted from his horse. The pasha, to whom Achmet conducted his companions without delay, received them with a friendly shaking of hands, and welcomed them with the Oriental salutation: "Kosch amedid—you are welcome!"

He ordered the servants to bring cushions, pipes and sherbets, and when his guests were made comfortable, he turned kindly to them and said to Michael: "Masch Allah, what a man you are! You follow the precepts of the Prophet, since you pity the poor and help the needy. Why are you not a disciple of Mohammed?"

"Oh, sir," returned Michael, "before your Prophet, Christ commanded that we should share our bread with the poor! I was born a Christian, and I wish to die one!"

"Be it so," the pasha said. "I will not force you to forsake your faith, which may

not be so bad, after all, since it teaches to do good. You Christians are a wonderful people. It would be easy for many of you to reach high honors, if you would only exchange your faith for the teachings of the Prophet, and yet you prefer to endure poverty for Christ's sake!"

"Yes, my lord," said Michael, "faith cannot be changed like a garment; and pardon me for my freedom in saying that we Christians consider our faith the best in the world."

"Well, retain your religion; it shall not prevent me from doing you good," replied Pasha Ibrahim, in a friendly manner. "And you, my son," turning himself to Philip—"are you still resolved to search for your parents?"

"Yes, my lord, firmly resolved, if it be your will," answered Philip, with flashing eyes.

The pasha remained silent for a few moments, enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke,

which he drew from his costly pipe. The others awaited his reply in silence, and not venturing to interrupt his meditation. After a few minutes the pasha spoke:

"You are a good child, but the journey to Bagdad is far and the way through the desert dangerous. It would be better for you to remain here and let me attend to setting your parents free."

Philip, casting himself at the pasha's feet, said: "My lord, if the way were to the end of the world, and if I had to traverse the roughest paths with naked feet, I would not shrink from the journey. Have mercy on me, and let me depart!"

"Be still, my son," replied the pasha, mildly. "Arise and resume your seat. Far be it from me to hold you back or to break my promise. If you insist on going, you may go. But listen; I mean well, and you would be foolish not to listen to the voice of experi-

ence. Achmet, my son, loves you! He is your friend! He wishes to be your brother! Remain here with him! I will furnish you costly garments, shining weapons and a spirited steed. You shall have abundance, and I will consider you my son. Rank, honors and position I promise you, and your path in life shall be bright like that of a star in the firmament!"

Philip shook his head. "I indeed love Achmet as a brother," he replied; "but oh, sir, my parents are to me the most precious treasure on earth!"

"Well, we will care for your parents also; they shall not be neglected," answered the pasha. "I will do all in my power for them, and I hope, yea, I am sure, they will soon be free."

Philip was quiet for a short time, and evidently struggling with himself. "My lord," he then said, "I fully appreciate your great

kindness; do not consider me ungrateful if I nevertheless remain true to my purpose. I have no doubt you will exert yourself to fulfill my ardent desire, but will you succeed? Your messenger may be taken prisoner, may be murdered, or he may fear the dangers which he must meet, and avoid them. He may return and say: 'Those that you are looking for, my lord, are dead!' and we must believe him. Or he may take the ransom money, conceal himself in a distant country, and never return. It is altogether different if I go myself. I fear no hindrance and no danger. With God's help I will overcome everything; I will seek for my parents; I will search for them with an undaunted heart until I find them and break their chains. My lord, forgive me, but none but myself can succeed in this enterprise!"

"You then disdain my favor?" said the pasha, with an offended air. "You despise

the good things which I wish to confer upon you, and the friendship of my son?"

"No, my lord, oh no!" replied Philip. "I do not scorn anything! But see; the happiness of my parents is of more value to me than my own. How can I help it, that my heart speaks thus?"

The wrinkled brow of the pasha grew smooth and his eye again looked kindly as he said: "Depart then, and Allah's blessing rest upon your head! Your love must be great to enable you to make such a choice. I cannot blame you; nay, I am astonished, but I fear I shall never see you again. Go, my child! If you return, your place in my house shall be open. Allah il Allah, what a lad! It is true, a servant would not accomplish half that you will, for unless the heart is engaged there is little hope of success in such an enterprise. But enough! listen to my arrangements." He beckoned to an attend-

ant, who brought a roll of parchment upon a velvet cushion, and kneeling down, handed it to the pasha. He took the roll and gave it to Philip.

"Take it," said he; "it is a firman with the signature of the sultan by his own hand; may the Prophet bless it! It will procure you safe conduct as far as the padisha's rule extends. Of course it will not protect you against the Bedouin robbers; as for them, you must trust Allah. In the harbor there lies a galley ready to sail. The captain has orders to take you on board and steer direct to Latakia. From there you will be obliged to find your way by land. It is now the season when caravans start from Aleppo to Bagdad. Join one of these, and may Allah be with you! The road is a long one and goes through the desert, where dangers lurk at every step of the traveler. May Allah strike the eyes of the Bedouins with blind-

ness, and protect you from the fatal breath of the simoon! The money you may need you will find in the cabin of the galley. I hope there is more deposited there than you will need to ransom your parents and to defray the expenses of the journey; but if an accident should happen on the way, go to the man in Bagdad whose name is on this card. He is my friend, and will give you whatever you may want for the accomplishment of your plans. Take good care of the card; it may prove of great value to you. This is all I can do for you; for the rest you must rely on Allah and your good fortune. Don't speak of thanks, for I still remain your debtor for the rescue of my son. What I have done is only a reward for your faithful love to your parents. Ah, I know you Christians consider the Turks cruel and pitiless, but you see there are some among us who love virtue. You are dismissed, and Allah be with you!"

Philip was so overwhelmed with the kindness of the pasha that he was unable to speak his heart, and expressed his grateful joy by throwing himself at the feet of his benefactor and kissing the hem of his garment. The pasha, with another friendly look at Philip, turned and addressed a few words to Michael.

"My friend," said he, "you are aged and need rest. I owe you thanks also, for if you had not taken an interest in the orphan boy, he would not have saved my son out of the hands of the robbers. The Prophet commands that we requite good with good, and I would fain obey the precept. It is time you should rest from the toils of life. My treasurer is directed to pay you yearly such a sum of zechins as will suffice for your support. Take this purse as a beginning; it is yours. Go in peace!"

The pasha, with a dignified gesture, indicated his desire for them to retire. Philip

and Michael left the palace, accompanied by Achmet, and were amazed that, as Christians, they had been so favored by the Turks. Once more Achmet embraced his friend Philip, and placing a costly ring on his finger, said, with much feeling: "Depart, my brother, and may Allah protect you! When you return, visit me and you will find a hearty welcome. Remember me kindly, and be assured that I will often think of you!"

Before Philip could utter one word of thanks Achmet tore himself away and hastened into the palace. Philip and Michael were again assisted in mounting their horses and accompanied to their cot. Here they embraced each other with feelings altogether unlike those which Greeks generally entertained toward the Turks, their cruel oppressors.

"Truly, truly," spoke Michael, "Pasha Ibrahim said we deserve to be Turks; but I say he deserves to be called a Christian!"



CHAPTER VI.

THE SHIP CAPTAIN.

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness

My beauty are, my glorious dress."

PHILIP being thus enabled, by the assistance of the noble pasha, to gratify the deep yearning of his soul, delayed not an instant longer than was necessary. On the evening of the same day he went to the vessel which the pasha had fitted up for his voyage to Latakia, and requested the captain to set sail as soon as possible. "I am ready," replied the captain, "and the sooner we sail the sooner I can return. The wind is favorable and blows fresh from the southwest. Within an hour we will be off."

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He at once made arrangements for the departure; the anchors were raised, the sails unfurled. Meanwhile, Philip, and Michael who had accompanied his foster-son to the ship, went into the cabin in order to enjoy undisturbed the last moments of their being together. They continued in friendly conversation till the time of departure.

"All is ready," said the captain. "The boat which brought you here is waiting, and as soon as you have entered it the galley will put to sea."

Michael grew pale and tears coursed down his cheeks. Rising, he embraced Philip, pressed him fondly to his heart, and bid him farewell.

"The moment to which I looked forward with trembling is here," said he. "Go, my child, and may the Lord be your guide! May he be merciful and gracious to you; may he change the thorns of your path into

roses; may he smooth your way and give you success! May your filial love find its reward, and your heart be filled with joy! and for this I will not cease to pray. I will always think of you, and my blessing will accompany you on the journey! Do not forget me! Farewell, farewell, my son—my precious, beloved son! God be with you!"

Time and again did good Michael embrace his foster-son, who returned his tenderness with tears of heartfelt love. Philip accompanied him on deck, and leaped into the boat as it was about starting, and threw himself once more upon the faithful and noble heart of his foster-father.

"Fare well and prosperously!" he called out to him. "I will think of you with the deepest gratitude; never will I forget the love and kindness which you showed toward me, a poor boy! Expect me back in a reasonable time. Farewell and be happy, for I feel in my inmost heart that we shall meet again!"

A last embrace, a last ardent kiss, and Philip disappeared. The boat pushed off toward the shore, the sails caught the fresh wind, and the galley swept out into the sea. Arrived on shore, Michael turned his tearful look once more to the ship to see the form of the dear boy, but it was too late. Philip sat in the darkest corner of the cabin and wept at the thought of parting from the man who loved him as a father. Never until his painful separation did he realize how much he loved the faithful Michael, and for a few hours he even forgot his parents in the absorbing thoughts of his kind and generous benefactor.

Meanwhile, the galley, with favoring winds, glided over the sea, and the next morning Philip was far from Candia. Quiet sleep had restored him to his usual composure, and he

felt more than ever devoted to the great aim of his journey. On the upper deck the captain sat comfortably smoking his pipe. Philip, after the usual salutation, sat down by his side.

"How long do you suppose the voyage will last?" he asked the captain, who was quietly observing the sailors, without taking any notice of the passenger.

"Allah knows; not I!" he replied, and stroking his long beard, resumed the pleasures of his pipe.

"But, my friend, you can calculate about how much time it will take you," returned Philip. "Have you never made the trip from Canea to Latakia?"

"Often, and therefore I am positive when I say Allah alone knows how long our passage will take," he grumbled. "I have made it in six days, and it has taken, at other times, six weeks, and even more. Allah il Allah, Mo-

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hammed resoul in Allah!—God is God, and Mohammed is his Prophet! How can I foresee what winds will blow?"

"But if the wind is favorable?" inquired Philip.

"Other things might interfere which cannot be reckoned beforehand," answered the captain. "Content yourself, and wait patiently what is to take place. Allah alone could answer your questions."

Philip, mortified at the rude behavior of the captain, turned away and leaned himself against the mast, while he gazed thoughtfully into the distance. The Turk did not concern himself any more about him, neither did he speak, but smoked his pipe and committed the guidance of the ship to God and the sailors.

Probably an hour passed in this way when Philip saw in the distance a white speck, which at first he thought might be a small cloud, but in a little while the white sails of a ship appeared above the horizon, and seemed to approach rapidly without being observed by the Turks. The sailors lay about the deck, some of them asleep, the pilot alone on the lookout, whilst the captain was watching the clouds of blue smoke rising gracefully from his pipe. Meanwhile, the sails became more distinct, and Philip finally directed the attention of the captain to them.

"A ship?" asked he. "Where? Ah, there!"

Surprised and evidently alarmed, he gazed at the distant vessel; even laid aside the long pipe and used the spyglass with intense interest.

"By Allah and the blessed Prophet," he at length called out, "it is a Greek privateer! You whelps!" he now roared to the sailors, "is this a time for sleep and lounging about, when the Greek is so close upon us? Bestir yourselves! Go to work! Round the helm and the sails! Be quick, and perhaps we may yet escape him! It is probable he has not yet seen us! Lively, men, lively! If we fall into their hands, I would not give a para for our heads!"

The words "Greek privateer" sufficed to stir up the lazy crew of the galley. None of them had any especial desire to fall into the hands of the Greeks, and hence they executed the orders of the captain with an alacrity that promised success. The galley took another course, and after a few hours they lost sight of the threatening vessel. Danger was over, and with it passed away the vivacity of the captain, who again returned to his comfortable seat and pipe. With an air of condescension he beckoned Philip to come near, and after he was seated at his side observed him with kindlier looks than before.

"Your watchfulness has averted a great

danger from us," said he. "If we had fallen into the hands of the Greek privateer, undoubtedly lasting captivity, if not instant death, would have been our lot. Now you see I was right in saying that I did not know when we would reach Latakia. We came very nigh never reaching there!"

"I did not expect that you could foresee all accidents," returned Philip. "I wished only to know how long our passage would take with a favorable wind."

"Well, six, seven or eight days, according to circumstances," answered the captain. "My galley is a superior little vessel and sails fast. Let us place our confidence in Allah. What is to happen will happen. But tell me what has moved you to leave Candia? What are you seeking in Latakia? By what means did you persuade the pasha to order this galley to be fitted out for you? By Allah, it must be important business with which the pasha

entrusted you, else he would not have disturbed me so soon! I had just arrived from Stamboul, and was ordered to start at once. By the beard of the Prophet, it was an unwelcome command to me, for I had counted upon the pleasure of spending a few months in port."

Philip expressed his sorrow that he had been the innocent cause of the Turk's discomfort, and in few words related to him the sacred enterprise which urged him to foreign parts. The Turk listened attentively, and from time to time shook his head in wonder.

"Allah il Allah, but what a simpleton you are!" he exclaimed, when Philip had finished his story. "By the blessed Prophet, the door of fortune was wide open for you, and you had only to step in! The mighty pasha Ibrahim your protector and well-wisher, and Achmet your friend! What a chance you

have rejected! The highest dignities and honors would have fallen into your lap, if you had not declined the offers of the pasha! And why declined? In order to hunt a few old people who probably are long dead and buried. Do not be offended, friend, but I must tell you that you have acted like a simpleton. Follow my advice; return, throw yourself at the feet of the pasha, confess your folly, and implore him to take you back to his favor. Turn back quickly, and dismiss from your mind all thoughts of Bagdad and your parents."

Philip shook his head and replied: "I would rather die!"

But the Turk continued to set forth the great advantages of the friendship of the pasha and Achmet, and to picture the dangers which he would meet if he persisted in his resolution. Philip listened to him quietly, without interruption, and then repeated that all the

happiness this world could bestow was not equal to the joy which he would experience in freeing his parents. He had counted on sufferings and dangers, and God would no doubt enable him to overcome them.

"Well, go ahead then!" exclaimed the Turk, evidently displeased. "You may be a good son, but you are certainly the greatest of simpletons!"

Quite offended, he turned away, and there was nothing more said to the lad that whole day. But Philip did not seem to mind it much, as his thoughts were occupied with his mission to Bagdad and the rescue of his parents.

The following day the captain continued his sullen and offensive conduct toward the youth. Philip addressed him several times during the day, but received only curt and uncivil answers. More than ever did Philip wish for the end of the voyage, for the pros-

pect of sailing with such a morose captain was by no means pleasant. He climbed into the scuttle, that he might be as far away from him as possible and have a good time to himself.

Meanwhile, it appeared as if the weather was about to change, and the condition of the air which Philip breathed startled him. Accustomed for years past to roam over the mountains of the island of Candia, he had learned by observation to detect the slightest change in the atmosphere. After careful observation he perceived that a storm was coming, and at once notified the captain.

"You are a simpleton, as I told you yester-day," answered the captain. "The sky is blue, the sea like a mirror, the sun is clear. Where is there any sign of the coming storm?"

"In half an hour it will be here, and that from the south," answered Philip, confidently. "Give orders immediately to draw in all the sails or we are lost! My life for a pledge that I am not deceiving you! What, indeed, would I gain by it? I certainly do not desire to delay the voyage."

"You are right. I did not think of that," said the captain, after brief reflection. "Up, men!" he then called out to the sailors; "draw in all the sails; turn the rudder so that the bow of the galley points to the north!"

The crew heard these orders with astonishment, and seemed to hesitate; but the captain commanded them to proceed, and in a short time all arrangements had been made to withstand the effects of a hurricane that was just at hand. It came suddenly with terrible fury from the south, and undoubtedly would have capsized the galley if she had not been prepared to receive its shock. But now she escaped the danger and bravely re-

sisted the hurricane, which was driving her before it with frightful rapidity.

Fortunately, the tempest did not last long. In the evening it was again calm and no danger to be feared. The sun set gloriously, and there was scarcely a sign, even in the restless waves, of the fearful tumult in the elements that had just passed away. With a pleasant countenance the captain again reclined on his seat and contentedly smoked his pipe, of which he had been deprived during the few hours of the storm.

"Friend," said he to Philip, who was close by, enjoying the sublime sight of the setting sun—"friend, within the last few days you have twice saved me and my crew, and far be it from me to be unthankful to you. To be sure, you are a simpleton, but your folly shall not keep me from offering you good advice. Are you fully resolved to persist in this enterprise?"

"Firmly resolved, captain," returned Philip. "Nothing shall keep me from it!"

"Well, then, follow my counsel at least," said the Turk. "From the moment you land in Latakia, be careful that you do not betray your religion. If it should be discovered that you are a Greek and a Christian, you would be lost. They would persecute, rob, kill you, or abandon you in the midst of the desert without means. The pasha's protection and the firman would not secure you from such a fate. Believe me; I am acquainted with the Turks and the caravans that go from Aleppo to Bagdad. A great number of low and vicious persons are in them who need to be watched. Be careful, therefore, and be a good Turk and Mussulman so long as you are among Turks and Mussulmans. Do you understand?" •

"I think so," answered Philip, "but I will never deny my faith!"

"By Allah, you are a greater fool than I thought!" replied the captain. "If you had not twice saved my life, I would let you run headlong into destruction; but I will confess that I like you, and although you are only an unbeliever—an unclean Christian dog—I believe the pasha was not far from right in saying that you were a good son. On account of this virtue I will forget your folly, and therefore I repeat to you that you must act as Turk and Mussulman if you wish to preserve yourself and free your parents. If you do not give heed to my advice, you are a dead man, and your eyes will never behold Bagdad. I do not say that you are to forsake your religion and really become a Mussulman—although that would be the best thing you could do-but you are only to assume the appearance, and whilst the others are praying to the blessed Prophet, you may adore your Christ; but do it secretly, that no

one may see you. There is no deceit in that. Keep your eyes open and be a wise youth."

"You are right, and I thank you!" returned Philip, after a little thought. "Yes, our Saviour himself commands us to be wise as serpents, but harmless as doves. I will take your advice, and again let me thank you for it."

"Well, by Allah, you have cause for it!" languidly replied the Turk. "Without my advice you would have been lost, as I had been without yours. Now we are even."

A few days after this conversation the galley reached the shores of Asia and anchored in the harbor of Latakia. The captain had Philip's effects taken ashore, and then accompanied him to provide him with a suitable costume. He was as fond of Philip as his fanatical opposition to all unbelievers—whom he regarded as little less than dogs—allowed him to be, and it was a great proof

of his attachment that without considering his own inconvenience he had left the ship and gone on shore. He himself purchased a turban, shawl and all else that belonged to the dress of a young Turk, and was quite pleased with Philip's appearance in his new costume.

"Listen," said he; "it is yet time! You would act more wisely if you would truly become a Mussulman and return with me to Candia to Pasha Ibrahim. Consider it! What else lies before you but dangers of every kind if you persist in your willfulness? And is it not very doubtful as to the result of your enterprise, even if you should escape death in the desert or at the hands of robbers? How different if you return with me! In ten years you may win rank and dignity, and if fortune favor you, become pasha yourself! Then it would be time enough to search for your parents, and you could do it without

danger. What say you? Agree to it, and we will set sail to-day! Do not consider long; I mean it for your good!"

"I need not consider it, my friend," said Philip, with a smile. "My resolution is fixed, and death alone can keep me from it."

"Well, by Allah and the blessed Prophet," muttered the Turk, "you are and will remain an incorrigible dunce! Well, go! We will hardly see each other again, so I bid you a last farewell! Farewell! Good-bye!"

"Farewell!" said Philip, and pressed the Mussulman's hand, who with proud dignity now turned down the street toward the harbor, to return without delay to his beloved Candia. But, stopping for a moment and looking back, he said: "Hear, my son; if you should escape with your life, I will be pleased to hear from you. It would really rejoice me if you should succeed, although you are only an unbeliever!"

These were his last words to Philip. A few minutes after he was on board of his galley, and with outspread sails it flew away in the direction of Candia.

Philip, forsaken and alone in a strange country, felt sad and despondent, but soon rallied his feelings of depression by thoughts of Bagdad and his parents, and putting his trust anew in God, went forward.

I





CHAPTER VII.

THE DANGERS IN THE DESERT.

" For the love of Christ constraineth us."

PHILIP sought and found a place in a caravansary. Here he learned from Turkish merchants that the caravan would start from Aleppo to Bagdad in three days, and at once saw that he would have to make his arrangements quickly, if he wished to arrive in good time at Aleppo and join the caravan. The noble Pasha Ibrahim had furnished him with money, so that he had no care on this score. He at once purchased a dromedary and a few weapons, then went to the Turkish merchants and asked permission to go in their company to Aleppo. They cheerfully

granted his request, and early next morning the little company started for the worldrenowned commercial city. The merchants did not make any objection to receiving him. One of them asked him what business he had in Bagdad, to which Philip replied, without deviating from the truth, that he wished to visit some dear relatives, which answer fully satisfied the Turk. No one suspected that Philip was an unbeliever, for the Turkish costume seemed as natural to him as if he had worn it from childhood. Besides, his words were few and his manner serious, such as suited the Turks, who are naturally sober and dignified. He took a due interest in their prayers and other religious ceremonies, of course with the distinction that he directed his supplications not to Allah and Mohammed, but to God and the Saviour. As no one was able to look into his heart, he was certain that they could not notice what

he thought was a needful and an innocent concealment.

The little company arrived in Aleppo without accident, and the earnest, modest behavior of the youth had made such an agreeable impression on the Turkish merchants that they kindly invited him to accompany them into the caravansary where they were wont to take up lodgings. Philip immediately accepted the invitation, and his well-wishers saw that he and his dromedary were well accommodated, for the place was crowded with merchants, camel-drivers and other travelers.

More than five hundred persons had assembled at Aleppo who designed going to Bagdad. An unusual stir was observed in the city, which Philip attributed, at first, to the great multitude of strangers; but he soon discovered that there was another and more serious reason for the bustle and confusion.

Yussuff, the merchant who had shown the most interest in him, informed him that in the province through which the caravan must pass an insurrection had broken out, and that therefore it would be very dangerous and even foolhardy to travel the usual route.

"But what will be done?" asked Philip.

"The caravan, of course, will not be kept back altogether?"

"This would be better than to expose goods and life to danger, and perhaps lose everything by the rebel hordes," answered Yussuff. "In the mean time, the leaders of the caravan are deliberating whether it is advisable, under the circumstances, to start at all; and if so, whether it would not be expedient to provide a strong guard and to take a route by which they could avoid the rebellious province. They will likely decide upon the latter plan, and instead of traveling along the river Euphrates, go through the Sinjar

and Syrian deserts. There are serious dangers on this route also, and many, no doubt, will be frightened and remain here; but the majority of us will defy the dangers rather than suffer the loss of remaining in Aleppo. You, my son, had better defer your visit for a year at least."

"Oh no!" answered Philip, quickly. "I fear nothing, and my visit is important. And if all should remain behind, I would go alone to Bagdad!"

"But it would be folly, my son," said the Turk. "You are not acquainted with the terrors of the desert, and Allah forbid that you should ever know them! You are your own master, and no one has a right to command you; but I mean it well when I advise you to remain behind. I myself would not go if duty to my relatives did not constrain me to meet this danger, putting my trust in Allah."

"Sacred duty also compels me!" said Philip. "I will not stay here, but accompany you. Nothing shall shake this resolution."

"Well, then, may Allah take you in his care!" said the Turk. "I have warned you; I can do no more."

In the course of the next day, Philip learned several other particulars as to the wearisome and dangerous journey to Bagdad, which, with various cautions given, were enough to deter him from going on; but the desire to ransom his parents from bondage was so strong that all anxieties about himself were as nothing in comparison with this longing of his heart. He would start for Bagdad by himself if the caravan were to remain back, and he only awaited their decision before setting out upon his pilgrimage. Meanwhile, the merchants resolved, trusting to Allah's protection, to make the journey through the Syrian desert, and to take so strong a military

guard against the attacks of the Bedouins as would justify the hope of passing through the dangerous region unmolested and without loss. The majority of the caravan were delighted with the decision, and preparations were made to start without further delay.

It was still dark as the caravan—a long train of camels, dromedaries, horses and mules—left the gate of Aleppo. In advance of the train and at the rear rode a strong troop of several hundred well-armed Turkish cavalry. Philip found himself in the midst of the train, on his dromedary, and his heart beat with joy at the thought that he was again on his way to bear the cheerful news of deliverance to his captive parents. With these pleasant thoughts in his mind he rode silently on his way. He scarcely noticed as the night passed into day, and even the call of the Moslem devotees, at sunrise, to engage in prayer was unheeded. In a moment all

saddles were empty and the riders were kneeling on the ground, according to their custom, and worshiping after the order of the Prophet. Philip alone sat on his dromedary, and was only roused from his reverie and thoughtless neglect by the shout of angry Turks near by. He blushed, sprang from his animal, and prayed so earnestly that the strict believers were again reconciled, and attributed his former neglect of the order of the Prophet to absence of mind or some other excusable circumstance.

There was but one among the crowd who seemed to suspect Philip. This fellow—Leontes by name, a Greek renegade from Candia, as Philip learned afterward—watched him intently, never taking his eyes from him during the prayers. After the ceremony was over he sought the company of Philip, and entered into conversation with him. Philip said very little, for there was something in

the look and manner of the fellow that was very repulsive. Philip was on his guard, for he had not only observed the searching look of the fellow in the morning when he neglected the call to prayers, but Yussuff, the Turkish merchant, had also warned him against Leontes, not to trust him, as he was known far and near as a bad man and a worthless scamp. For paltry gain he had denied his faith, and from a bad Christian he had become a worse Mussulman. They must suffer him in the caravan, but no honorable man would have anything to do with him. Philip was warned to be careful of his purse, on account of the long-fingered rogue. Philip listened to this advice, and kept away from Leontes as much as possible.

Day after day the caravan pressed steadily on, passing through Sokhur and Tadmor near the ruins of Palmyra, and finally entered upon the Syrian desert, called *Barrai al*

Scham by the Turks and Arabs. A vast sea of sand stretched immeasurably before them, in which there was not an object to refresh the eye. There was not a tree nor blade of grass nor any green thing to be seen in this cheerless and sunburnt plain; no living creature broke the wild and dreary monotony, where the silence and solitude of death were strangely united. Involuntarily Philip shuddered as he cast a glance over the billowy, glistening surface, and he felt a sad presentiment of evil. Yet he would not shrink from any toil, however great, which he might be called to encounter to reach his parents. His thoughts of them in the distance made him forget the cheerless prospect before him, and he spurred on the dromedary, which, like himself, appeared to shrink back before the dry and burning breath of the desert.

The caravan pressed forward in a long line; like an endless serpent, glittering in brilliant colors, it stretched along the loose, dazzling sand of the arid waste. Anxiety was depicted in every countenance as they left behind all traces of life and entered on this vast, dull, dreary region of death. They looked with dread in all directions, for now they had to encounter not only the dangers of the simoon and scarcity of water, but were liable any moment to be attacked by prowling Arabs, who coursed the desert with fiery steeds on their raids of plunder. The guards kept nearer the caravan than before, whilst a few troopers rode in wider circles from the train, in order to give the alarm of any approaching danger, that they might be ready to meet it. Several days passed by without seeing an enemy, and their anxious fears began to give place to the hope that they would cross the desert without being observed or molested by the plundering Bedouins.

Meantime, another enemy, not less terrible

than the sword and spear of the Arabs, and even more difficult to escape, was approaching. There were unmistakable signs of the coming simoon, and all awaited the impending and destructive storm with trembling apprehensions. It came with glowing heat and suffocating vapors, filling the eyes, ears, mouth and nose with the red clouds of hot, fine sand, penetrating through the clothes to the skin with a burning sensation. They all fell at once on the sand, covering their heads with their garments, calling on Allah for mercy and protection in this hour of fearful peril. Philip prostrated himself with the rest, and he was so astonished and overcome by this strange and frightful calamity that for the second time, regardless of human prudence, he called on God instead of Allah for mercy, in Greek, the language of his childhood. Of course his voice, in the fearful roar of the storm, would hardly be heard, except by

some near and listening ear. Philip trembled at his carelessness when he thought of Leontes, who was near by cowering in the sand. The storm fortunately soon blew over; man and beast again raised their heads, and Philip devoutly thanked his Father in heaven for his protection from sudden death. Whilst all, with loud voice, cried to Allah and the Prophet, he happened to look in the direction of his neighbor Leontes, and met such a malicious, triumphant glance from his dark and fiendish eyes that he felt at once assured that Leontes must have heard his prayer to God, and seen through his disguise. Although this was the fact, Leontes did not seem, for the time, to take advantage of the important discovery. He turned away from Philip, who breathed more freely in the hope that he was mistaken, and that Leontes, with the rest, had not noticed his imprudence.

The caravan proceeded on its way, and late

in the afternoon it reached an oasis, where the exhausted men and beasts could quench their thirst from a cistern which was so deep and well protected that it was not affected by the hot simoon. Philip drank with delight from the clear spring and watered his dromedary, after which he went to one side to make room for others who were panting for water. His tired animal lay down, and he stretched himself beside it, leaning with his back against the shoulders of the dromedary, and observed with interest the lively stir which was going on at the well in the desert.

As he was absorbed in this interesting sight some one touched his arm and said to him in Greek: "Blessed be Jesus Christ!"

"To all eternity!" returned Philip, instinctively, to this Christian salutation, and turned to see who it was. He shuddered as he beheld Leontes, who looked upon him with an equivocal smile.

"Be quiet!" said he, as Philip, pale with excitement, was about to rise. "I know that you are a Christian, but nobody else has even a suspicion of it, and if you are sensible, no one need know anything about it."

"What do you wish?" answered Philip, who tried to compose himself as much as possible. "How do you know who I am? Why do you imagine that I am a Christian? Go, and let me alone! I do not interfere with you, and why do you trouble me?"

"Do not deny it, but at once cast aside your mask before me," replied the renegade, with a derisive look. "One word from me to the leader of the caravan, and you are a lost man. You are a Christian. I heard you call on your Christian God during the simoon, and my memory is not so short as not to know what that means. And why did you answer to my Christian salutation? It is folly for you to attempt any longer to deceive me!

Besides, I am well acquainted with you; for although years have gone by since I saw you, I know that you are Philip, the fosterson of old Michael Santos, and I can easily imagine why you are going to Bagdad. Son of Messaros the Grecian, you wish to free your father from slavery!"

Philip sat there amazed. He could no longer doubt that Leontes, the Greek renegade, had recognized him, and he must fear the worst from the bad character of this man if he did not succeed to win him over and get him to keep silence. Yet he made a last effort to shake off Leontes by saying: "'Tis true, I am Philip, the son of the Greek Messaros. Why should I deny it? You yourself were a Greek and are now a good Mussulman! What have you to fear? If you have nothing to fear, why should I? Are you sure that I am yet a Christian? You say it is years since you last saw me. How

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do you know that I am not a renegade, a Mussulman like yourself?"

Leontes laughed mockingly. "Your calling upon the God of the Christians. Is that the proof that you are a follower of the Prophet?" he asked.

"That proves nothing for or against me," answered Philip. "Old habits cannot be laid aside as easily as an old garment. You yourself accosted me with the Christian salutation. I might as well claim that you are still a Christian."

"It might be hard for you to prove this assertion," said Leontes, jeeringly. "Everybody is acquainted with me; no one knows you. Decide quickly! It depends upon you whether I am to be your friend or foe! As friend, you need fear nothing from me; as enemy, everything!"

"What do you demand?" inquired Philip.

"A thousand piasters!" briefly returned

Leontes. "With this sum you can purchase my silence!" That was about the amount of the ransom money for his parents which Pasha Ibrahim had generously presented to him. If he gave that, he would reach Bagdad empty-handed. To be sure, he had the pasha's introduction to Kara Bey, in Bagdad, who perhaps would not hesitate to replace the lost sum. But should he thus abuse the confidence of the noble pasha? Even if he were to do it, was he certain that Leontes would not continue to persecute him and make new attempts to extort money from him? No, it would certainly be better decidedly to reject the shameful demand of the renegade and await what Leontes would do. If the worst should happen, Philip possessed the firman of the sultan, which promised him protection, and perhaps Yussuff, the Turkish merchant, would interest himself in his behalf, as he had warned him against Leontes, and the charge

of such a renegade after all could not be a very serious matter.

"A thousand piasters!" said Philip, after he had resolved on his course. "In truth, sir, your demand is enormous! And for what do you demand this sum? For something that I care nothing about—your silence! I have nothing to keep silence about! Go, proclaim that I am a Christian, and see what will come of it! I am not so much of a stranger or so defenceless as you imagine! I have friends who will take my part! Go, for I will not purchase your silence!"

The eyes of the renegade flashed with anger, and his naturally repulsive face was distorted into grimaces of the most frightful ugliness. "Are you in earnest? Is that your decision?" he asked, in a voice trembling with rage.

"I am fully in earnest and firmly resolved," answered Philip. "I fear not your threats,

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and I despise your attempts at extortion. Go; no doubt I am a better believer than you, and my friends will confirm it."

"You will hear from me again!" cried Leontes, trembling with excitement, and quickly disappeared among the throng which still surrounded the well. Although Philip was not sorry that he had refused the demands of the miserable fellow, yet a secret fear of the consequences of his betrayal by Leontes came over him, and he was about to look after Yussuff for advice, when a small division of the armed guards which accompanied the caravan came galloping toward him. Leontes was in the midst of them, and called out, as he pointed his finger at Philip: "That is he! Seize him! He is a Christian spy!"

"However that may be," said the leader of the band to the youth, "you must follow us. You shall have a chance to defend yourself. Abdallah, the conductor of the caravan, has ordered you to be brought before him."

"I will follow you," replied Philip. "Allow me but an instant to look up the sultan's firman in my baggage."

When Leontes heard of the sultan's passport, he became alarmed and tried to hinder Philip from taking it with him. The commander of the cavalry checked him, and Philip was allowed to take the firman. He put it in his belt and quietly followed the riders to Abdallah, the chief-conductor, who was an old man of venerable appearance. He received the youth with stern dignity, offering him neither a seat nor a welcome.

"Allah akbar—God is great!" said he, after he had looked on Philip a while with penetrating gaze. "I hear strange things about you! Is it true what the renegade says of you, that you are an unbeliever, a follower of the Nazarene, albeit you call yourself a THE DANGERS IN THE DESERT. 151

Mussulman? Beware how you reply to my
questions."

"Sir, I am a true believer," said Philip, equivocally. "That man threatened to accuse me before you if I would not give him a thousand piasters, and from that you can judge what sort of fellow he is. Look at this firman of the sultan, which promises me protection and safety."

"By the beard of the Prophet, it is the genuine signature of the lord of the world, our padisha!" said Abdallah, after he had glanced at the firman. "Renegade dog," said he, turning angrily to Leontes, "why do you fill my ears with lies? How dare you attempt your bold impositions on a true believer? Lead him away to the bastinado! Fifty blows on the soles of the feet will teach him better manners!"

"Hold, hold!" cried out Leontes, tearing away from the leader of the horsemen, who

had already seized him, and throwing himself at the feet of Abdallah. "Do not, my lord, be deceived by the smooth words of this impostor! As true as I am a good Mussulman and a zealous adherent of the Prophet, this fellow is an unbelieving dog, and his words are false. Ask him whether he is willing to curse the Christian faith; let him say, Allah il Allah, Mohammed resoul in Allah, and then decide whether he really adheres to Allah and the Prophet! Just see how pale he is becoming! His very countenance betrays him! Seize him, men, seize him!"

A decided motion of Abdallah's hand put back the guards, who were approaching to seize Philip, whose embarrassment seemed to confirm the statement of his accuser.

"How, my son," said Abdallah to Philip;
"is this renegade speaking the truth? Have
you lied to me? Answer, are you a Mussulman or a Christian?"

"I am a believer!" answered Philip.

Abdallah's countenance grew dark with an angry scowl. "The Christians also call themselves believers, although they are no better than dogs," said he. "If you are an adherent of the blessed Prophet, repeat after me, Allah il Allah, Mohammed resoul in Allah—God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" Philip drew back pale and trembling. This was a demand to deny his faith, and his conscience forbade him to go so far. He was willing to assume the outward appearance of a Mussulman, although his conscience told him that this was an evasion of the truth. but he could go no farther. Instead of repeating the words of Abdallah, he dropped his head upon his breast in silence.

"Do you now see, my lord, that I told you the truth?" exclaimed Leontes, maliciously. "He is a Christian hound and a spy, only come to betray the caravan to the Arabians,

who hired him for this purpose! Kill him, master, kill him!"

"This fellow lies, and he is speaking out of revenge!" said Philip, who had meanwhile composed himself. "Yes, I no longer deny that I am a Christian, and if this deserves punishment, I will bear it without murmuring. But treachery is far from me. A very different object leads me to Bagdad, and even you, O master, though you despise us Christians, will not disapprove this design!"

"Whatever he may say do not believe him, my lord!" exclaimed Leontes. "The knave lies! I know him well! His father fought against the Turks, and he himself hates them with a deadly hatred!"

"Be silent!" Abdallah coldly commanded the traitor. "We know you well—your mean, low avarice. Speak, unbeliever!" again turning to Philip. "As you are a Christian, how came you by that padisha's firman?"

"Pasha Ibrahim of Candia, my noble protector, furnished me with it," answered Philip.

"And not only that; he also gave me a few lines to Kara Bey in Bagdad."

"Let me see that," said Abdallah, with evident interest. Philip took the letter from his belt, where he had carefully preserved it, took off the wrapping, and handed it to Abdallah. He read it with surprise, and murmured to himself: "No doubt it is from my old friend Ibrahim! I know his handwriting!"

He remained standing for a while thoughtfully, and then turned to those about him, saying in quiet dignity: "All of you leave the tent; I wish to be alone with this youth!"

All reverently withdrew, the curtain of the tent dropped, and Abdallah kindly demanded the youth to relate to him his history. Philip now spoke without reserve, and Abdallah was

soon fully informed what his relation to the pasha was and his journey's aim.

"It is well!" said he. "You are a noble youth! Fear no more, but be assured that not a hair of your head shall be hurt. Of course I must put you in fetters and appoint a guard over you, but this is only done to secure you against the persecutions of that rascally renegade. If I were to let you go free, Leontes would excite all good and zealous Mussulmans against you, and you would scarcely escape death. Once arrived in Bagdad, the firman of the grand sultan will protect you, and Kara Bey will take an interest in you. I will take care that you are released as soon as we arrive there. Fear no longer; you are under my protection, although in chains."

Surprised at the fortunate termination of Leontes' treachery, Philip sank at the feet of the noble Abdallah and stammered words of thanks. But Abdallah interrupted him and raised him up.

"Be quiet; do not thank me!" said he. "I willingly show you my protection for the sake of my friend Ibrahim and for your own sake. You are a good youth, and I am rejoiced that you did not deny your faith. We Turks, indeed, accept renegades, but we respect and honor only those who receive our faith from inward conviction. Persons like that Leontes, who abandon their religion merely for the sake of outward advantage, are contemptible objects in our eyes. Be silent! Let it not be noticed that I am your protector, and I can be it the easier. Betake yourself to the entrance of the tent."

Philip obeyed, and Abdallah's call brought back the guard.

"Seize this youth," said Abdallah, pointing to Philip; "put him in fetters and guard him well. He shall always remain near me, that I myself may keep an eye on him. This is my will; depart!"

Quickly they seized Philip and led him from the tent. Leontes remained, with the hope of receiving some reward from Abdallah; but he looked upon him with undisguised contempt, and asked briefly: "What more do you desire?"

"Master, it was I that unmasked the traitor," answered Leontes. "Will you not let the sun of your favor shine upon me? Had it not been for me the dog would still be laughing in his sleeve at all believers."

"You have only performed your duty," retorted Abdallah. "A good Mussulman does his duty without expecting a reward for it. Go, or else I will be compelled to think that you have not done it from zeal for the true faith, but have become the accuser of your countryman from mere selfishness. Withdraw at once!"

Leontes, who had expected a great reward for his information, left the tent with rage in his heart. Gnashing his teeth, he muttered, as he left the place, "Only wait; you shall all be sorry for it! The hour is at hand when Leontes shall yet triumph!"

Murmuring some more words indistinctly, he departed, and his form was soon lost in the crowd of travelers and their beasts of burden.





CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEDOUINS.

"The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."

WHILST Leontes, the traitor, trembled with fury and rage, Philip was quietly and patiently awaiting the end of his imprisonment, and did not fret much on account of the fetters which Abdallah had ordered to be put on him. With the exception of his want of freedom, he had no complaint to make. Next morning, as the caravan was about to start, they brought him his dromedary, and no one thought of depriving him of any of his property. They allowed him his papers, weapons, and even his money, and Abdallah,

who rode near by, carefully saw to it that during the course of the day his every need was supplied, and that no harm was done to him. Every one treated him kindly, and Leontes alone cast an angry look on him as he rode by during the day.

Meanwhile, the caravan set forward with all possible speed. Two days would bring them to the border; no one had molested them, and no wandering Arabs had been seen. They began to think all danger was over, and even the guards became careless, and had no fears of evil, least of all of an attack by Arabs.

But suddenly, one night, they saw a rocket ascending through the crimson sky, and all hearts were filled with amazement. Instantly a few horsemen rode in the direction where the signal had been given. All was quiet, and though they searched in every direction, no trace could be discovered which could be a ground of fear. The riders returned to

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camp, and sudden fear soon gave way to the former feeling of security. It was even questioned by some whether it was a rocket; others said that it was only a falling star. They soon recovered from the sudden panic, and all was quiet during the night. The next morning the caravan set out upon its daily journey.

The horsemen, instead of riding in close rank, scattered over the plain, and playfully throwing their lances (dscherids) up into the air, engaged in a sham battle, whilst the caravan carelessly rode along without order, enjoying the spectacle, never thinking of danger. Suddenly a cloud of dust rose in the distance; it approached with the rapidity of the wind, and had almost reached the caravan when the cry of terror was heard: "The Bedouins! the Bedouins!"

The caravan was seized with a panic, and as soon as the attack was made the men ran

in all directions, and even Abdallah's command could not arrest their flight. The horsemen who had just before fought in the sham battle now hurried to the real one, but they were soon overcome by the Bedouins, and, like those whom they were intended to protect, they fled in wild and reckless confusion. In fact, there was no fight. The Bedouins rushed down upon them with such impetuous and overwhelmiug power that there was no time for battle; the horsemen were scattered in a moment, and the caravan surrounded without resistance. Some of the travelers escaped, but most of them were taken prisoners. Their weeping and lamentations, mingled with shouts of victory from the Bedouins, filled the air. The prisoners were placed in the midst of the conquerors, and the train of plunderers, with its captives, departed almost as rapidly as it came.

Among the prisoners was Philip, who, fet-

effort to flee. He bore his fate with apparent composure, and whilst the prisoners were uttering their lamentations, he sat on his dromedary in silent submission. His confidence in God, who had been his helper in so many dangers, kept him from despondency. He believed that his heavenly Father, without whom not a sparrow falls, would make some way for him to reach Bagdad and deliver his poor parents. Not for a moment did he doubt of deliverance for himself and his parents, and only lamented that the time was postponed for a season, and perhaps for years.

Gradually the Bedouins relaxed the haste with which they had hurried the prisoners through the desert. It was evident that the aim of the robbers was only to bring their booty into a place of safety, and to escape an attack of the armed horsemen who were the protectors of the caravan. These horsemen

might rally and pursue the Bedouins, and if they should bring on another engagement, the issue was by no means certain, as the parties were nearly equal in numbers. But as two hours had passed, and there was no sign of their pursuit, the leader of the robbers felt safe in moderating their speed and resting the horses and beasts of burden. Riding through the disordered throng of prisoners, he observed Philip, who, though fettered, was the only one among the weeping multitude who was quiet and composed, and in a moment the leader was at his side.

"Who bound you?" he inquired. "Answer! I am Achmet Bey, the chieftain of my tribe!"

"These fetters," replied Philip, "were put on me by order of Abdallah, the leader of the caravan."

"And why? What crime did you commit?"

"None! Only because I was a Christian did they fetter me. That man"—pointing to Leontes, who was not far from him—"betrayed me to Abdallah because I was unwilling to buy his silence for a thousand piasters."

"That one? Is he the traitor?" said the chief. "I know him well! He is a scoundrel, and betrays everybody! He betrayed your caravan to me by a rocket, which he sent up last evening to indicate the position of the camp. He is a scoundrel, and though he expects a great reward, he will find himself mistaken."

"But did you not promise to reward him?" asked Philip. "I have heard that you Bedouins never break a promise."

"And do you think I wish to break it?" retorted the chieftain. "Five thousand piasters have been promised him, and he shall receive them. But I did not say that he

should go out unharmed. First I will reward his treachery, thus fulfilling my promise, and then"—a gesture of the Bedouin spoke his intention without words.

"Then you intend to kill him?" asked Philip, with a shudder.

Achmet Bey carelessly nodded his head. "Yes," said he, "the cord will be his fate, for he will be strangled if he does not voluntarily give back the promised sum. The traitor deserves nothing better. But enough of him. We will speak of yourself. Your fetters shall at once be taken from you, although you are an unbeliever. I care nothing about religion. I esteem only the brave. I noticed that you never winced when our swords were brandished over your head at the time of our attack, and you are the only one that does not whine and lament, whilst all the others howl like cowardly dogs. Take the chains off from him!"

In a moment Philip was released from his fetters by some Bedouins standing near.

"So I wish it," spoke the chief, "and if you promise to make no attempt at flight, you shall receive your weapons and be as free as any of us. Will you promise?"

Philip thought a few moments, for the thought of secret flight seemed so enticing, the escape so easy if he were once free, that he hesitated.

"Well," said the chieftain, "I see you expect to run away! But dismiss that thought. If you do not promise, you will be closely watched, and though I highly esteem you, instant death will be your fate if you attempt to escape. Notwithstanding, you shall receive your weapons, for I am pleased with you."

"Enough!" exclaimed Philip, overcome by the friendly magnanimity of the Bedouin chieftain. "I promise not to attempt to escape without your leave." "Well, then you are free, for I trust you!" kindly returned Achmet Bey. "I hope, indeed, you will not part from us, for we Bedouins love the brave and seek to attract them, even if they are heathen or Turks. Courage and contempt of death—that is our religion. What think you? can you make up your mind to enter our troop?"

"No, never!" answered Philip, candid and fearless. "When I have related to you why it is impossible, your brow, which is now so wrinkled, will be smooth again."

"Well, at another time we will hear about that," answered Achmet Bey. "Now let us attend to the traitor. Bring Leontes, the spy, hither."

A few horsemen brought Leontes from the midst of the prisoners and placed him before the sheik. Leontes approached with a flattering smile on his lips, such as scoundrels only can wear, and bowed so low to the bey

that his brow almost touched the neck of his horse.

"Leontes," said the sheik, with cold contempt, "you have kept your word like a real miscreant, base fellow and traitor, and now it is my turn to perform my promise. What did I promise you? Listen well, men, and note his answer!"

"Five thousand piasters, sun of the universe!" replied Leontes. "Not one para more or less."

"Well, and is that all?" inquired Achmet Bey.

"All, yes, all! Your slave does not demand more," answered the traitor.

"Well, you have heard it! Count him over the money!" ordered the sheik.

Instantly five bags were placed before the traitor, and he uttered thanks to the bey, whose faithfulness and truthfulness he praised beyond the clouds.

"Enough!" finally said the sheik, with undisguised disgust, and motioned to Leontes to be silent. "Answer me this one question with a brief yes or no: Have I fully kept my word?"

"Yes, my lord, yes!" said Leontes. "But do not bid me be silent! I have some further information which will be for your advantage."

"Another betrayal? Speak!"

"That fellow," said Leontes, with a fiendish smile, pointing to Philip—"that fellow has a bag full of zechins. Plunder him—have him searched, and you will not only be satisfied with your slave, but give him an additional reward!"

"Does he speak the truth?" inquired the sheik, turning to Philip.

"He does!" replied Philip, for he well saw that denial would be of no use, and drew forth his purse; "here is all I possess. It

was intended as a ransom for my poor parents, who for many years have pined in slavery. But I am your prisoner; take it!"

"No, keep it; we will speak of it afterward," said the sheik; "now we will finish with this miserable traitor! Wretch, knave, dog knowing only treachery and villainy, I have kept my word, as you yourself have confessed, but we are not quite done with each other yet! We reward the treachery, but despise the traitor! Away with him! Choke him, and throw his miserable corpse on the sand of the desert as food for vultures and jackals! Away! I do not wish to see him any longer!"

It is impossible to describe the terror which seized Leontes on hearing these words. His face became distorted by the fear of death, and he trembled so violently that he could scarcely speak. With a strong effort he at last became somewhat composed, threw himself from his horse into the dust, wept aloud, and begged in such pitiful tones for life that even Philip, though he had but little reason for it, was moved with pity for him.

"Take everything—money, weapons, clothing and horse—only spare my life!" shrieked Leontes. "I will be your slave, your dog; beat me, scorn me, kick me, but do not kill me!"

"Let him have his poor life," entreated Philip of the sheik, who was looking down on the miserable wretch coldly and unmoved. "He cannot injure you, and perhaps this fear of death which he now feels may teach him a good lesson, that he may come to himself, repent of his evil deeds and do better."

"Well, let him live, if he wishes to purchase his life," spoke the sheik, after some reflection. "He is to be free for ten thousand piasters!"

"Allah il Allah, ten thousand piasters!"

more than the five thousand piasters which I just received by your favor! Take them, great sheik, and have mercy on me! By Allah and the blessed Prophet, I have not a para more! Let me die on the spot and be cursed if I deceive you, light of the universe! Oh, let one ray of your grace fall upon your unfortunate slave, and pity him!"

"Take the money and fetter him!" commanded the sheik. "Let him live, but we will at least make him harmless. Put him in chains and drag him after you as a dog, which he is!"

The order of the sheik was attended to in a trice. They fettered the prisoner's hands, put a rope round his neck, the other end of which was fastened to the saddle of one of the riders, and thus Leontes had to follow the train, which, fortunately for him, did not go as fast as in the beginning. They also soon

reached the encampment of the Arabs in the midst of the desert, and here Leontes was kept fettered, which prevented his flight, but did not hinder him from performing the severest toil, to which he was driven without mercy. Philip, on the other hand, was free to come and go; the sheik and all his followers treated him respectfully, and he would have been quite contented with his lot but for the remembrance of his dear parents. The memory of them, and the longing to see them, made him restless, and instead of rejoicing in his freedom, he passed his days in painful and depressing sadness.

Thus months passed with little change in the life of Philip, except that day after day Achmet Bey pressed his protégé to join his troop and share their fortunes. On the other hand, Philip, who had frankly confessed to him the aim of his journey to Bagdad, daily begged him for freedom. But Achmet did not wish to lose the youth whom he esteemed, and Philip could not give up the parents whom he loved above everything else.

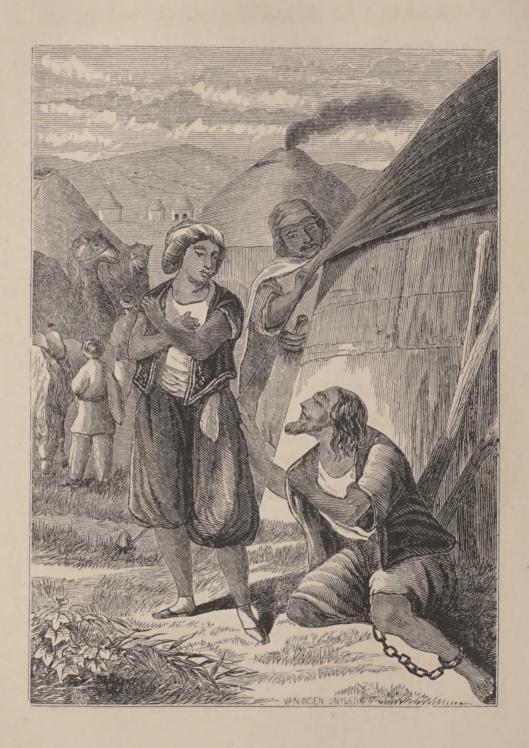
"Well, my friend," finally said Achmet Bey to Philip one day, "we must put an end to this state of things. My men are insisting upon it, and I also want to be certain. Explain yourself, therefore. If you wish to remain as one of our number, you shall be highly honored and be in rank next to me. The brave sons of the desert shall obey you as they do me, and your share of the booty that we capture shall be as large as mine. If you refuse this offer, you will be forced to perform the most slavish work, and instead of mounting a fleet steed and brandishing the sword, you will be compelled to handle the hoe and the spade. Make up your mind! I will allow you another day for reflection, but then your fate will be decided. Consider well your decision, and do not forget that you can in no way ever gain your freedom. Forget your parents. You cannot aid them, and you will only share their fate if you are not prudent. Go! I do not wish an answer now. Think of it till to-morrow. You are to choose between freedom and honor, and slavery and hardship!"

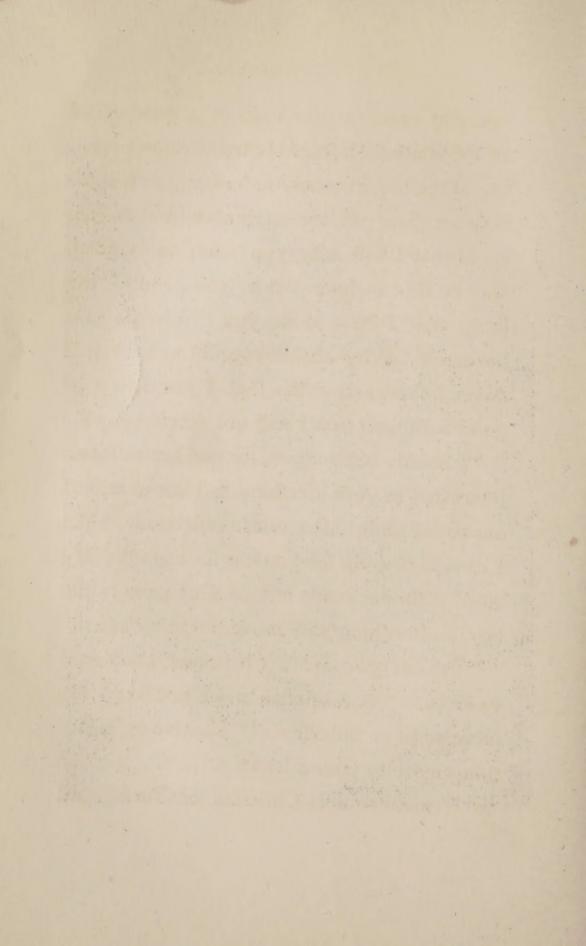
Philip was about to reply, but the sheik did not wait to hear him. Sad and cast down, Philip wandered about in painful suspense. He did not wish to become a companion of the plundering Bedouins, and yet he recoiled with horror from a life-long bondage. He thought of escaping, which would be comparatively easy, as the fleetest steeds were at his service, and he had only to mount and speed his flight with the swiftness of the wind. But he at once resisted the tempting thought, for he had given his promise not to flee, and he would rather die than wickedly break his word. But what was he to do?

Suddenly he heard his name whispered, and turning round, he recognized Leontes, who beckoned him to himself. Though he had always avoided the wretch, he now went to him to ascertain what he wanted. Leontes looked cautiously about him, laid his finger on his lips as a sign of prudence and silence, and whispered: "Follow me behind the tent; nobody will see us there, and I have important matters to disclose to you."

Philip stepped behind the tent with the wretch, where the latter fell down at his feet and kissed the garments and feet of Philip.

"My lord," said he, then, "for a long time I have sought for such a moment to open my heart to you, and at length my wish is fulfilled. I know you long for freedom no less than I do, and now it is within our grasp. I know perfectly the paths of the wilderness and the exact route to Bagdad, where your unfortunate parents are pining in terrible bond-





age, and once on the back of a good steed all the Bedouin hordes of Arabia cannot catch us. Free me from my fetters, which will be easy for you, procure us horses, and be assured that I will take you safely to Bagdad, and in this manner render you good for the harm that I have done you. Why do you hesitate? Why shake your head? I will swear a thousand oaths that I am acting in good faith, and that I will not deceive you!"

"I readily believe you, for you are as much interested in your freedom as I am in mine," answered Philip, after a little reflection. "Yet I can do nothing for you nor for myself. My word of honor binds me, which I gave to the bey, and nothing will move me to violate it."

"Pshaw! you are a Christian!" answered Leontes. "A Christian need not keep his promise to an unbeliever! Resolve on something more to your advantage!"

"It matters not, Christian or Turk," said

Philip, with decision. "A promise is a promise, and when once made I would keep it with the worst heathen. Do not give yourself any vain trouble, Leontes. If I wished to flee, I could have done it long ago, and that without you."

Philip was about going, but Leontes held him fast by his garment. "Listen to me!" said he, pressingly and earnestly. "I am aware that you are poor, since Achmet Bey took your money, firman and the letter of Pasha Ibrahim to Kara Bey, in Bagdad. Know, therefore, that I can make you richer than you have ever been—so rich that it will cost you but a single word to free your parents, which is your heart's desire. Look here, but do not betray me! These precious stones, concealed in the lining of my clothes, and fortunately kept from the eyes of the robbers, I will share with you, and you can live in splendor the rest of your life. It is

not necessary to keep one's promise to an enemy! Flee with me, and all your desires will be realized! Well! Do you still consider after all this?"

"No, I do not consider," replied Philip.

"The temptation is truly great, but my honesty is greater. Keep your precious stones!

I will keep faith even with an enemy, and leave it with God to pity and deliver me.

Enough, Leontes! I wish not to hear anything further that might tempt me from the path of righteousness. Let us both endure our lot as best we can!"

Philip turned quickly away from the tempter, stepped from behind the tent, and to his astonishment stood in presence of the sheik of the Bedouins. The sheik, with sparkling eye and evident admiration, gazed upon him, then embraced him, and tenderly pressed him to his bosom.

"Allah il Allah!" he exclaimed; "what a

noble youth you are, and what a villain is Leontes! Did he not swear that he possessed nothing besides the five thousand piasters? and now he is seeking to turn you from faithfulness and honesty by means of his treasures! By the Prophet's beard, he shall rue it! Fate brought me to my tent at this fortunate hour. I was looking for the master of this treacherous rascal, and behold, I find instead a collection of precious stones, of which you, my friend, are the costliest! Enough! Leontes, slave, wretch, come, disgorge those diamonds! They will be better kept by me than by you. for your garment will soon wear out, and you would lose all your treasures without their benefiting any one. Deliver all and conceal nothing, if you wish to escape the bastinado and the halter!"

Leontes trembled with rage and despair over his lost treasures, but he did not dare to resist the demand of the sheik. He picked a whole handful of precious stones from his garments and reached them to Achmet Bey, who received them with rapture.

"How did you get such treasures, you miserable dog?" he inquired. "You cannot have earned them honestly, and hence you must have stolen them. Explain how you came in possession of them, or prepare yourself for the bastinado!"

Leontes no doubt thought that as the precious stones were lost, the story of his plunder was a matter of indifference. He therefore confessed without hesitation that he had taken them from a rich peddler of jewels, as the Bedouins were attacking the caravan. The man was one of the first that lost his life by the sword of the Bedouins.

"Well, I will then be his heir," said Achmet Bey; "and for the precious stones your life shall be preserved, which, however, has been forfeited a hundred times by your lying

and treachery. But you shall remain a slave, for you have not deserved a better fate. Follow me, Philip; we two have a word to speak together."

Achmet Bey led the youth into his tent, told him to sit down at his side, and for a long time gazed on him with silent admiration. At length he said: "By Allah and the blessed Prophet, I begin to feel respect for the Christians, the unbelieving dogs! If half of them were only as true, as honest, as brave, and as virtuous as you are! See, Philip, half of these precious jewels shall be yours if you will remain and be my brother. I only ask your promise, and you can take what you like!"

"You well know what sacred duty forbids me to be your brother. I have promised to myself and others, and I have vowed in the presence of God, to free my parents, and, behold, I will as little break my word in regard to my parents as I have in regard to you. I cannot become your brother with the condition that I remain here!"

"Well, then, neither shall you be a slave!" exclaimed Achmet, and locked Philip in his arms. "Go, then, and ransom your parents and perform your vow! Of course, we will have to purchase your freedom, for my authority over those belonging to my tribe is not so great as to liberate you without a price for your liberty; but Allah has provided, and the price is at hand. These precious stones will suffice to pave your way to Bagdad, and I will return to you the sultan's firman and the letter of Ibrahim to Kara Bey. To-morrow you shall be on your way to Bagdad!"

Whilst Philip gave way to his joy over the unlooked-for turn of things, Achmet Bey hastened to assemble the warriors of his tribe, and after relating the occurrences of the day,

all, without an exception, were in favor of letting Philip go free. Not only so, but they voted to bestow on him a horse and arms, and to accompany him to the bounds of the desert, whence he could easily and without danger reach Bagdad, the aim of his longing. The sheik informed his protégé of this resolution, who wept tears of joy over the news, whilst Leontes gnashed his teeth for rage over the fortune of the hated Greek. It was well for Philip that the decision of his lot did not depend on Leontes, but on the wild sons of the desert, who, however rude and barbarous, were not without some feeling of pity and humanity.

Philip, in the joy of his unexpected fortune, hardly closed his eyes in slumber. In his tent he kneeled in prayer, thanking God for his aid in need, again and again thanking him, the Almighty, because he had softened the hearts of the ungovernable Arabs, and

imploring him for continued grace. After he had poured forth his whole heart before God, he reclined upon his hard couch and sank into a short, uneasy sleep. The first glimmer of the dawn wakened him. He sprang up and hastened into Achmet's tent. He too was already awake and bade him welcome. He delivered him the sultan's firman, Ibrahim's letter, and presented him besides with a handful of piasters, that he might not suffer want on the road. Then he commanded a fleet steed to be brought, embraced his protégé for the last time, and helped him to mount.

"Farewell," said he, "and Allah accompany you! We will not forget you; your firm faithfulness will long live in the memory of the sons of the desert. Wonderfully has it been ordered by Allah that the man who betrayed you should be the occasion of your freedom! Thus Allah punishes the wicked

and rewards the good! Go, and may your courser carry you to your destination on the wings of the wind!"

A sign from the sheik, and the noble coalblack animal on which Philip sat dashed away over the sand of the desert with the speed of a storm. There was scarcely time given to the liberated youth to address a last word of farewell to Achmet before he was far from the tents and huts of the Bedouins. A little troop followed him as a protection against the attack of any other Arab tribe. They had pleasant intercourse with Philip till they reached the limit of the desert. Here they halted, shook his hand warmly, wished him Allah's blessing on his journey. and then rode back through the desert with the fleetness of the wind. Philip looked back after them so long as he could see their gleaming weapons and the cloud of dust which rolled up from their horses' hoofs.

As the last trace disappeared he said: "Thanks be to thee, my God! Hitherto hast thou helped me out of great need; assist me still further by thy mighty power! If thou art with me, with thy blessing the work cannot fail!"

He seized the reins, turned the steed in the direction of Bagdad, and with quiet, heartfelt joy and hope, hastened on his way. Brighter than ever did the great aim of his life appear in the visions of hope; more confident than ever did he cherish the sweet and blessed assurance that in spite of all difficulties he would yet reach his parents and set the captives free.





CHAPTER IX.

BITTER DISAPPOINTMENTS.

" I will not leave you comfortless."

AFTER many days of dangers, Philip finally reached Bagdad, and hastened through the long, winding streets toward a caravansary, where he hoped to find shelter for the time being. His heart beat violently as he anxiously looked into the face of every one he met, in the faint hope of discovering the known and beloved features which were so indelibly impressed on his memory. But the people in the streets were all strangers, caring nothing for the youth whose heart was so full of hope and care. He had at last reached the goal of his aspiration, and in a

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few hours he would learn whether his parents were alive, whether they remembered him, and whether he would succeed in leading them out of misery and slavery to fortune and liberty.

Arrived at the caravansary, he first cared for his horse, then stepping into the hall, he inquired for some person who could inform him about Mustafa. He met no one but an old Turk of an earnest and dignified countenance, who sat on a cushion in a corner of the hall, smoking his pipe and sipping his coffee, at the same time observing the throng and bustle of the people, who were busily passing up and down the street before the caravansary. Philip saluted the Turk with the customary "Salem aleikum-peace be with you," seated himself by his side, and inquired, with a throbbing heart, whether he was acquainted with Mustafa Kodosi, or knew where he lived.

"Mustafa Kodosi, my son?" inquired the Turk as he kindly observed the youth—"Mustafa Kodosi, the merchant? What can your business be with him? I know him well; he is a rich, old, stingy dog, and everybody shuns him. Be careful you are not cheated if you have any dealings with him."

"Yes, I have important business with him," replied Philip, "but I do not think he will cheat me. Can you tell me, sir, where I can find him?"

"He resides on this street, in the house with the balcony, not very far from here," said the Turk. "I again warn you! He has a bad character in Bagdad on account of his avarice and selfishness; therefore take care!"

Philip scarcely heard the well-meant warning of the Turk, but thanked him for the information and hastened away to look up Mustafa, and, above all things, to hear whether his dear parents were still living.

Breathless from the rapid walk and mental anxiety, he reached the house with the balcony, stepped in and inquired of a servant whom he met whether Mustafa could be seen.

"The master is on a journey," answered the servant, to the great disappointment of Philip, but immediately added: "We expect him back to-morrow or the day after."

"Well, I will return then," said Philip. "In the mean time, my friend, you can tell me whether your master owns two Greek slaves, a man and woman, whom he brought from Candia some eleven or twelve years ago?"

"Master has many slaves," answered the servant. "How can I tell whether there are Greeks among them? But it is likely."

"I entreat you to inquire about it," Philip begged, with great earnestness. "It would add much to my happiness if I knew whether those slaves are yet alive."

"How should I know?" spoke the servant. 17

"I have no time to listen to you and to inquire after slaves. They are all dogs! Go, and return when the master is at home! He will give you the information; I must shake these carpets! Leave, my friend!"

In vain did Philip urge the unfeeling fellow to grant this favor. The servant showed him the way out and closed the door behind him. Philip went away sad, painfully affected by the servant's incivility and the disappointment of his hopes, that were again deferred, and was about to return to the caravansary. On the way it occurred to him that meanwhile he might go to Kara Bey and deliver him Pasha Ibrahim's letter. No doubt Kara Bey was acquainted with the merchant Mustafa, and Philip hoped that the pasha's friend would assist him not only with money, but also with good counsels. He therefore inquired of the first person he met for the residence of Kara Bey, who of course must be

known in all Bagdad as a distinguished citizen.

"I do not know." Philip asked a number; none could tell him; till finally a man of whom he made inquiry looked at him wonderingly and replied:

"Why do you ask after the dead? Kara Bey is dead; he was buried a year since."

This intelligence was like a clap of thunder to Philip. He could scarcely remain standing, and the young man, at other times so courageous, seemed paralyzed. If Kara Bey was really dead and buried, what was poor Philip to do? Far from home, in a strange city, where he had neither friend nor acquaintance, stripped of his money, poor and forsaken, how could he ever see and liberate his parents? Where should he get his daily bread? The horse from Achmet Bey and a few piasters were all his earthly possessions.

To have come all this long and dangerous journey, and yet after all unable to do anything for his needy and suffering parents! The beautiful dream of his youth vanished; all his hopes disappointed; helpless and without means in a strange land;—what condition could be more disheartening than that of the poor and disconsolate Philip?

It was some time before he recovered from the depression of this gloomy state of things. At last he took another view of the matter and was again hopeful. Might not the man who gave him the sad news be mistaken? Might there not be more than one Kara Bey in Bagdad? Might not the one he was looking for be still living? He composed himself and inquired again about Kara Bey. He asked at least ten or twenty persons, but received no other information than "Kara Bey is dead, and there is no other of that name in Bagdad."

Philip, disconsolate and hopeless, returned to the caravansary which a short time before he had left in such buoyant spirits. The old Turk who had directed him to Mustafa still sat in the corner smoking his pipe; but Philip, overcome by his misfortune, did not see him, and looking for the darkest corner of the hall, sank to the floor, buried his face in his hands and wept—wept as if his heart would break.

Never before had he felt so utterly helpless and forsaken. All his previous sufferings he had borne with patience and resignation, for he had never despaired, with God's help, of ultimate success. But now, when he thought himself so near his father and mother, a greater chasm opened between them and him than when he roamed in the forests of Candia, separated by seas and continents. It was more than he could bear. His heart, once so full of courage in the face of the greatest

trials and difficulties, and so cheerful with pious hope in the darkest hour, was now cast down into the depths of despair.

The aged Turk, who had noticed the entrance of the unhappy youth into the hall, observed him with looks and gestures which expressed an honest interest and the deepest sympathy. He saw how he trembled with anguish, he heard his convulsive moans, and then noticed that, wringing his hands, he fell upon his knees and lifted his weeping eyes to heaven.

The youth, in his agony, was engaged in prayer, looking to God for help and comfort. The old Turk was in the act of rising to offer him comfort and assistance, but leaned back again upon his pillow, murmuring some unintelligible words to himself. Shortly after he brought his cushion, and seating himself at the side of Philip, touched him gently with the tip of his pipe. Philip, overcome

with grief, had not noticed the approach of the Turk, and looked up surprised and bewildered.

"If Allah sends tribulation, we should bear it patiently, my son," said the old man. "Why do you weep and lament in this way? No pain is so great that Allah cannot soften. But I have noticed that you are not a follower of the Prophet, but a Christian. How is it? Is your religion so weak that it has no consolation for the suffering?"

Philip shuddered with convulsive grief and shook his head. "Ah, if you knew what I suffer, you would not speak as you do!" replied he. "I am of all men the most unhappy! My heart is crushed, and there is no end to my anguish."

"Still you should not despair and act like a madman," answered the Turk, with kindly feeling. "The hand which wounds the heart can heal it. If your cheek is pale with sorrow, Allah can make it glow again. Who are you, that you should doubt Allah's mighty power? Has he not already pitied you in sending you a friend who takes an interest in your fate?"

"A friend!" exclaimed Philip. "Alas, I have no friend, and they who wish me well are far distant!"

"Well, then you do not see that I am at your side and that I am your friend?" said the Turk. "Indeed, do not doubt! I sympathize with you! Tell me why you are so cast down, and perhaps Allah will appoint me to be your helper. Speak frankly and fearlessly, for I am truly interested in you."

The aged Turk spoke so cordially and kindly that Philip could not resist his affectionate appeal, but related to him in few words what trouble had come upon him. At the conclusion of his narrative he again burst into tears, whilst the Turk, without chiding

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him any more, was absorbed in silent thought. At last he said:

"Be calm, my friend! Though I cannot promise to free your parents, yet I promise to make the attempt. Do not lose all hope, but take fresh courage. Be patient till Mustafa returns from his journey. I am somewhat acquainted with him, and I will accompany you and speak a word for you. He may not be altogether hardened by avarice. Perhaps your filial devotion will touch him as it did me, and move him to free your parents without even asking a price for them. If not, then there is one more hope. Mark, I am not wealthy. I am only a servant of a rich youth, who has a heart like that of an angel. If he were here, I would go to him and relate the story of your life, and I am sure he would interest himself in you. At present he is away, and I cannot say when he will return. But in all probability he will soon be back,

and then I will speak to him. Be of good courage! He will assist you, and you will hear of him if you should need his aid. Do not leave this caravansary. I will come daily and look after you. Hope and be cheerful! Allah never forsakes those who put their trust in him!"

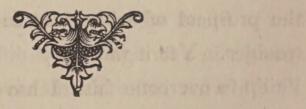
With these words the Turk rose, shook the ashes from his pipe and left the caravansary. Philip looked after him thoughtfully. Should he believe the man and hope for his aid? He had spoken so earnestly, and yet in tones so kind and gentle. Truly, God again was near in his deepest sadness, and had sent him a friend when he was friendless and a stranger in a foreign land.

"Oh what little faith I have!" exclaimed Philip, as he kneeled in prayer. "Oh how weak and foolish to doubt and tremble! Forgive me, O God, that I despaired of thy presence and help! Forgive me that my

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soul was so cast down and my heart so full of fear and anxiety! Henceforth I will rely on thee as on a firm support, and never despair, however great my necessity may be!"

Thus Philip prayed, and as the night melts before the rising sun, so the darkness of his sorrow vanished as he turned his soul to Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, "who hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace."





CHAPTER X.

REUNION.

SEVERAL days passed without any change in Philip's situation. Daily he went to Mustafa's house to ask whether he had come back from his journey, and daily did kind Hassan pass a few hours with him in conversation; always careful to quicken the hope of the youth and to comfort him with the prospect of a happy issue out of all his troubles. Yet it was very difficult for poor Philip to overcome his intense longing to see his parents, of whom he had no intelligence; not knowing even whether they were yet among the living, though he was so nigh to their master's house.

At last, after eight days' waiting, he saw what, to his expectant anxiety, was full of promise. From his caravansary he beheld a small train of camels, laden with bundles and various wares, stop before Mustafa's house. He hastened thither, and learned, to his great delight, that Mustafa had returned. He did not see him, but the servants who unpacked the camels imparted the joyful news; then with a lighter heart he returned to the caravansary to await the arrival of his friend Hassan. His impatience to see him was so great that he would gladly have hastened to him, but he knew neither his residence nor the name of his master. Hassan had told him neither the one nor the other, so that he had to wait patiently till his friend came at the usual hour.

[&]quot;Mustafa is back!" cried Philip to him.
"He came three hours ago."

[&]quot;See how wonderful that happens!" re-

plied Hassan, smiling. "My young master has also come to-day, and if Mustafa is not humane and merciful, then will we look in another direction. Come, then, and let us hear what he says."

Philip needed no second invitation. With rapid strides he hurried on to Mustafa's house, making it difficult for Hassan to keep at his side.

"Easy, my boy, gently!" said he to Philip.
"Control your feelings as much as you can.
Allah and Mohammed, how your cheeks glow and your eyes flash! Why your heart beats as though it would leap from your body!
Master your feelings, my son, and do not be so ardent in your hopes, lest you should be too much cast down if you should be disappointed. Especially, do you keep silent before Mustafa and let me speak. As soon as he perceives that you are bent on freeing his slaves, he will raise his price so high that

even my young master might not be able to satisfy his demand. Therefore control yourself. Prudence was never more needed than at this moment."

Philip endeavored to conceal his intense emotion, and the thought of the important business before them gave him a composure that satisfied even the prudential demands of Hassan. And yet, when they came to the door of Mustafa's house, Hassan seemed to hesitate, saying: "Listen; in the end it might be better if you would let me go alone to Mustafa. Wait out here till I return."

"No, oh no!" answered Philip, with deep feeling. "Let me go along, or this impatient longing will kill me! Do not fear; not a glance nor gesture shall betray to Mustafa that I am the child of his slaves till the moment when it is proper to make myself known to them."

"Well, then, follow me," said Hassan, after

a little deliberation. "Take care not to let him notice who you are before the time. Mustafa is a cunning fox, and before we speak of you he must first set a price on his slaves, that he may not afterward overcharge us. Silence and patience now, my son!"

Philip having promised not to lose his self-possession, they now entered the house. Hassan asked a servant to conduct him immediately to the master of the house, and his stately bearing was sufficient to secure better treatment than Philip had received on a former occasion. The servant accompanied them into the chamber of his master. who with affected kindness welcomed Hassan, with whom he was well acquainted. The usual compliments were exchanged, ottomans and pipes were brought, hot coffee in small cups was handed to the guests, and then, after all these ceremonies were over, after the usual tediousness of the Mussulmans, Mustafa

inquired what his worthy and honored guest desired.

"I come on a novel business," said Hassan, with a quiet voice and modest demeanor, whilst Philip was trembling at his side with anxiety and excitement, alternately pale and red, without the presence of mind to envelop himself in thick clouds of smoke from his tschibuk, and thus to screen himself from the searching glances of Mustafa. "Yes, on novel business," repeated Hassan. "My master, who has returned safe and victorious from the battle with the rebels, has vowed from gratitude to Allah to ransom a few Christian slaves, and has commissioned me to look them up in Bagdad."

"Allah il Allah, this is wonderful!" exclaimed Mustafa. "Who would think of showing favor to Christian dogs!"

"No matter," said Hassan. "There is no accounting for tastes. My master has willed

it and I must obey. I heard, Mustafa, that you own several of them."

"Well, yes, I have several such dogs," answered Mustafa.

"Well, are you disposed to sell them?" asked Hassan.

"If I receive the price that I paid for them, why should I not?" replied Mustafa. "You see that I ought not to suffer loss to gratify a whim of your master."

"Not so quick, Mustafa," said Hassan, slowly. "A slave that you bought ten or fifteen years ago cannot by any means be worth what you paid for him at that time. Say, how many of these giaours (infidels) do you own?"

"Well, only two, a man and a woman," answered Mustafa, hesitatingly. "But they are very valuable. I never had better workers. By Allah and the Prophet, I can hardly make up my mind to part with them!"

"Ask him, I pray you, what their names are and whence they came," whispered Philip, in a low and tremulous tone, and wellnigh fainting.

"Silence!" whispered Hassan, as he pressed Philip's hand. "Not another word, or else we will lose every advantage. Mustafa is noticing you."

"What does your companion wish?" asked the merchant, who was watching the youth very closely.

"Pshaw! nothing," coldly answered Hassan. "He thinks it is not likely the intention of my master to buy women, but only men. He may be right. I will inquire. I remember now that my master did not say anything to me about women. It is well, my son, that you reminded me of it."

"Why not women?" cried Mustafa, thoroughly off the track. "Women also are slaves! A slave is a slave! Be reasonable,

my friend; it will make no difference to your master whether he ransoms a man or a woman, and you will find me fair."

"Well, we will see," answered Hassan, indifferently, puffing his pipe. "What kind of slaves are they?" he continued. "Where did you buy them? Are they young or old? And from what country?"

"They are Greeks," said Mustafa. "Some eleven or twelve years ago I bought them on the island of Candia for eight hundred piasters. The man's name is Messaros, the woman's, Helen."

A suppressed exclamation escaped Philip's lips, and if it had cost his life, he could not have kept it back. Then his father and mother were both alive, and he was under the same roof with them! His heart bounded with rapture, and he might have committed a still greater blunder if Hassan had not warned him with an earnest glance.

"What is the matter with the young man?" inquired Mustafa, becoming suspicious.

"Pshaw! nothing," calmly answered Hassan, as before. "He is himself from Candia, and as you well know, my friend, the young are impulsive. But to come back to your slaves: they are old and decrepit, and you have had eleven or twelve years' work out of them. I know very well that you do not spare your slaves."

Mustafa replied: "You are mistaken, my friend. By Allah and the Prophet, I never had better slaves! They are yet robust and in their best years—only thirty odd years of age. The woman perhaps may look a little pale, but she will soon recover when free. They are still worth a thousand piasters."

"A thousand piasters!" said Hassan, mockingly. "By the Prophet, you are bold at asking! The half of that would be too much for my master. At any rate, six hundred

piasters would be the most that he would give."

"Tell him to let them come in that we may see them," whispered Philip to his friend. "Oh have pity on me! Let me just see their faces one moment!"

"No, no; be quiet!" answered Hassan.

"Not another word or all is lost! Well,

Mustafa"—he again turned to the merchant

—"how is it? Six hundred piasters for both,
and not a para more."

"No, by Allah, that is too little!" exclaimed Mustafa. "First look at them, and then make your offer. I will have them called. A thousand piasters! a thousand! one thousand! Not a para less!"

"Enough!" coldly replied Hassan. "Mustafa wishes to keep his slaves, and we do not wish to press him further. Likely there are other Christian slaves in Bagdad. Come, my son."

"Stop! Do not leave!" cried Mustafa, who began to fear that a good bargain would slip through his fingers. "First see them, and then we will speak more about it! Hallo, Abdallah, bring those two giaours in!"

"No, I do not wish to see them!" said Hassan, resolutely. "I see we can't bargain. My master will not pay more than six hundred piasters. Allah be with you, Mustafa! Farewell!"

"Well, take them at six hundred!" said the merchant, deceived by the firmness and determination of Hassan. "Better take something than nothing."

"Well!" replied Hassan. "I have your offer, and to-morrow you shall have mine. You see, I must speak with my master before I can conclude the trade. Perhaps six hundred piasters will be too high for him. I spoke too fast in making that offer."

"No, no!" cried Mustafa. "The bargain

is made! You shall have them at six hundred! Friend, you will not now wish to back out?"

"I will do my utmost. Six hundred piasters then. Be it so."

"Yes, six hundred," said Mustafa. "That is giving them away by half. But no matter; a promise is a promise, and though I lose by it, I will not break my word!"

"Yes, yes!" replied Hassan. "Spare your words! You will be driving a good bargain. But enough! Philip, let us go."

Philip either did not hear or did not wish to. "Have pity!" he implored. "Only let me cast one glance, just one, on them! Ask Mustafa to bring the slaves before you!"

"No; be quiet and follow me!" answered Hassan. "I swear it by the beard of the Prophet that your parents will gain their liberty, since I know that Mustafa is satisfied with six hundred piasters. I am well ac-

quainted with my master; his heart is good, and he will give six hundred piasters cheerfully. Patience and self-possession! Tomorrow they shall be free! Follow me!"

Sighing, Philip resigned himself to necessity, and was just about to follow Hassan, when suddenly a man and woman following a servant of Mustafa entered the room and humbly bowed before Mustafa.

"Ah, here are the slaves!" said he, for he had secretly given his servant Abdallah a sign to bring them into the apartment. "Inspect them, friend, and judge if you have not made a good purchase."

Philip stood a moment as if paralyzed. The sudden appearance of his father and mother overcame him. Even Hassan lost his presence of mind for an instant, and composing himself quickly, turned to Philip, but it was too late. With the exclamation, "My father, my mother!" he leaped forward and

fell at the feet of his parents, clasping their knees; then rising, he was folded in their arms, and soon forgot all that was passing about him in the loving embrace. Mustafa smiled contemptuously and mumbled:

"My suspicion was right. By Allah, the lad resembled the woman very much, and now I will see if I cannot get a better price for the Christian dogs!"

"All is lost!" said Hassan to himself.

"The unhappy youth! why did he not mind me? Now Mustafa will demand a price that the grand seignor will hardly be able to pay! Wretched boy! Alas, I must not scold or condemn him, for the temptation was too strong for him!"

Philip and his parents, meanwhile, had no thought or feeling beyond the rapture of the moment. They lay in each other's arms and wept for joy. Their happiness was so great that they forgot everything else.

"Enough!" Hassan finally said, and laid his hand on the shoulder of his young friend. "Let us go, and to-morrow you shall see your parents again. Friend Mustafa, our bargain is closed."

"Not so," he answered, sneeringly. "I have come to another conclusion. Tell your master he may buy slaves where he can, that mine are not for sale. Go, go, you wished to deceive me! You are a sly fox, but you did not remember that Mustafa is the father of foxes! By the beard of the Prophet, these slaves shall remain mine unless you pay me ten times my offer! Ten thousand piasters, friend! Not a para less!"

"Well, then you will get nothing at all," coldly replied Hassan. "This youth, who has discovered his parents, is poor. I too possess nothing, and trusted to the magnanimity of my master when I offered you six hundred piasters for your slaves. Generous

as he is, he will never consent to such an exorbitant demand. Oh, Mustafa, does it not touch your heart as you look on this stripling and these slaves who are his parents? To obtain their freedom he has undergone dangers and sufferings of all sorts; has defied death and the terrors of the desert; and now, when he has reached the end, can you be insensible to such filial devotion and heroic sacrifice? Mustafa, give your slaves for a moderate price, and Allah's blessing will rest on your head!"

"You are a fool!" retorted Mustafa. "What do I care for the Christian dog? Now if he were a true believer! Go, go! Ten thousand piasters! If you bring that sum, you can take the slaves; otherwise, spare your words!"

"Alas, everything is lost!" said Hassan, with true grief. "My master cannot do so much for a stranger who is not of his creed.

Six hundred piasters, yes, perhaps; but not so many thousands! It is folly to think of it. Come, poor Philip, we have nothing more to do here."

Mustafa clearly perceived that Hassan was now speaking freely and honestly, and he was too greedy to lose such a bargain. "Patience," said he, cunningly, to Hassan. "The youth then loves his parents exceedingly?"

"Ask him," said Hassan.

Mustafa tore poor Philip from his happy dream on the bosom of his parents, and inquired of him whether he was really ready to do something for the ransom of his parents.

"Everything!" exclaimed the youth, ardently.

"Well, then," said Mustafa, "if you bring me six hundred piasters, and become my slave in place of your parents, they may return free to their home. But you must remain in my service for life. That is my last offer. I have spoken."

"Take me! here am I!" exclaimed Philip, quickly. "I would offer a thousand lives for my dear father and mother; why not my freedom? They have suffered enough, and it is time that I should take my turn! Depart, dear parents! You are free, and Pasha Ibrahim of Candia will care for you, since I cannot!"

"Who did you say would care for them?" suddenly exclaimed Hassan. "Pasha Ibrahim of Candia? The same Ibrahim who is at present Pasha of Rumelien? Ha! what a fool I was not to have thought of it sooner! Enough, Philip! Follow me instantly!"

"No, no; I prefer sharing their slavery, and to lighten, at least, the weight of their chains, which I am not able to break!"

"Be it so. Remain then," answered Hassan. "What I am to do I can do without

you. Farewell, my son; you will soon hear from me."

Hassan left the house without one word of farewell to the crafty Mustafa. Philip neither held him back nor accompanied him. Whatever might be his destiny in the future, for the moment he was happy in the embraces of his long-sought parents.





CHAPTER XI.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

ON the morning after the happy reunion Hassan went earlier than usual to his young master, who, as was his wont, received him kindly.

"What do you bring me, Hassan?" he inquired.

"A wonderful story, master!" replied Hassan.

"Relate it then," said the handsome young Turk. He listened with increasing interest to the story of his servant. Hassan pictured as fully as he was able the past history of his young friend Philip, just as he had heard it from his lips. He described how Philip

was separated in early youth from his parents, who had been sold to Bagdad; how Philip, with unspeakable longing, had always remembered them and never could forget them; how too a high-born Turk in Candia—by chance the Turk's name had never been mentioned in the conversations between Philip and Hassan—had taken an interest in him, furnished him with money, a firman and a letter to Kara Bey in Bagdad, and finally had sent him by ship to Asia to free his parents from bondage.

"Allah il Allah!" suddenly interrupted the listening youth; "what did you say, Hassan? Why you are relating the history of my friend and preserver, Philip Messaros! It is he of whom you are speaking! It cannot be otherwise! Go on, go on! What has happened him?"

"I was thinking so, indeed I was!" said Hassan, with a satisfied smile, and reported further how he had formed the acquaintance of the youth, and had accompanied him to Mustafa; how he there met the parents of the lad, who boldly resolved to sacrifice his freedom for theirs. On this occasion Philip had mentioned the name of Ibrahim, and therefore he knew that the aforementioned noble Turk was none else than the present Pasha of Rumelien, the father of Achmet, his young master.

"It is so, it is so!" exclaimed Achmet as he sprang from his pillowed cushions and began to pace the room. "It is Philip, my unfortunate friend! I thought he had found his parents long ago! How could I suspect that he had fallen into the hands of the Bedouins? Kara Bey had died before we came here, hence I could learn nothing from him. We left Candia soon after our unfortunate friend, on account of the rebellion of the Asiatic province, and it is not strange, there-

fore, that I did not hear anything of his fate. But, thanks be to Allah, he is found and he shall be saved! Take all my treasure, Hassan, and ransom him! Spare no money! Throw it down without counting! Philip saved my life, and he shall not find me ungrateful! Hassan, Hassan, why did you not tell me sooner that Philip was here?"

"How could I?" replied the faithful servant. "I did not know that he was your friend. He never mentioned your name; he never boasted that he had saved you from great peril; he never mentioned the name of Pasha Ibrahim! Besides, you returned only yesterday, and I have not been your servant long enough to know the particulars of your past history. Therefore pardon me, master, for I am not to blame."

"That is true," said Achmet. "But let us not lose a moment. Philip and his poor parents must be freed, if I must give all my possessions. Come! Lead me to Mustafa! I am anxious to see again the noble youth!"

Hassan was ready to obey this command immediately, but begged his master not to take part in the conversation with Mustafa, but allow him to conduct it himself.

"I understand the rascal," said he, "and if Philip had only controlled himself, he and his parents would now be free. If Mustafa discovers that you take a deep interest in him, his demands will be extravagant. We must try to avoid that, and therefore I beg you, master, to place the whole matter in my hands."

"By Allah and the Prophet, I will allow you to have your own way; but do not delay any longer!" impatiently exclaimed Achmet. "Let us go, quick!"

"Well, well!" said Hassan. "But first throw a common garment over your magnificent one. Mustafa must not suspect that you come in person to ransom your friend. He is a sly fox, and we must use some discretion."

Achmet placed sufficient confidence in Hassan's discretion to follow his suggestion, and put on a cloak which entirely covered his splendid raiment, thickly set with gold and jewels. Thus he accompanied his servant to Mustafa's residence and demanded admittance.

It was a long while before they saw Mustafa. Abdallah, the servant of the avaricious merchant, had evidently received special instructions concerning Hassan, for he tried to put him off with various excuses. First he said Mustafa was yet napping; then that he had started on a journey; then that he was sick; till Hassan, out of patience, pushed the fellow aside, and, with Achmet, pressed into the house and room of Mustafa. The latter looked at Hassan with indignation.

"What do you want?" he insolently asked him. "Were you not told that I did not wish to see anybody? Get out of my house!"

"Not exactly, friend," replied Hassan, coldly. "First we will speak of my young friend Philip and his parents; after that I will not molest you. I pray you, let the slaves and their son come in."

"What slaves? what son?" answered Mustafa, with affected surprise. "Who are you, that you inquire after my slaves? I do not know you! Go and leave my house, or I will call the kadi to relieve me of your presence!"

"What!" exclaimed Hassan. "You do not know me? By the beard of the Prophet, I call that impudence! Friend, consider, and make no delay. Let Philip, my friend, instantly appear, or I will accuse you to the kadi!"

"Shameless fellow, who are you then?"

roared Mustafa. "And who is your Philip? I know of no Philip! Away, away with you!"

"What! You know of no Philip!" said Hassan. "Verily, this looks like a game at kidnapping! What! You wish to deny that I was here yesterday with Philip, the Greek, to free his parents?"

"Yes, I deny it!" retorted Mustafa, defiantly.

"And do you further deny that Philip remained in your house?"

"Certainly I deny that!" vociferated Mustafa. "You are an impudent fellow! Away with you, or I will call my servants to bastinado you!"

"Aha! aha!" again exclaimed Hassan.

"This is certainly blustering, by Allah! Have you not learned that kidnapping in this country is punished with the rope? Do you not know that you will be hung if I call the kadi?"

"Call him!" retorted Mustafa, scornfully. "The kadi is my friend! But you—who are you? Yourself a miserable slave! Away with you! Be off, and never let yourself be seen again in my house!"

"Enough!" said Hassan, and turned to his young master. "The knave has delivered himself into our power, and there is need of no further concealment. Did I not tell you, master, that this fellow is a sly fox? He denies all about your friend, in order that he may keep him as a slave like his parents. He imagines that he may do so without punishment, because he considers me too weak to injure him or to vindicate the truth. But see, the fox has caught himself in his own snare. The kadi might have protected him, but the Pasha of Bagdad will aid the son of the Pasha of Rumelien. Dog, knave, perfidious wretch!" he shouted to the alarmed Mustafa; "open your eyes! See, this is my lord; this is the best friend of your pasha; this is the son of the Pasha of Rumelien! Tremble, for to-day you will be impaled or strangled with the silken cord!"

"Enough!" said Achmet, throwing off the cloak (kaftan) and standing in the splendor of his magnificent garments before Mustafa, who was utterly confounded, for he at once recognized the young Bey, who, on account of the daring and heroic courage with which he had suppressed the insurrection in the province, was well known throughout Bagdad. "Hassan, go at once to the pasha and request him in my name to come here. He will follow without delay, and the judicial sentence will crush this man. By Allah, he is a knave without an equal!"

Hassan turned to obey the command, but Mustafa threw himself at full length before him in the dust, uttering the while abject cries of terror, and with both arms clasped his knees so firmly that Hassan could not move from the spot.

"Mercy, for the sake of Allah's grace!" whined the miserable knave. "Yes, I have deceived you, but I will atone for my crime! Take Philip, take his parents, take my treasures, my house, my camels—take all, only do not let the pasha come! Spare, only spare my life! By Allah and the Prophet, I will repent and do better! I will become a good Mussulman! I will never again sin against the Koran; but pity me and spare me!"

It was a long time before Achmet could sufficiently control his indignation so as to listen to the infamous Mustafa. At length he whispered a few words into Hassan's ear, and then, with a smiling face, said:

"It is enough, wretch! Arise and listen! You shall receive pardon on one condition. For years you have cruelly treated the parents

of poor Philip; you wished to kidnap and force the youth to be your slave; you were not touched by his self-sacrificing filial devotion, and that too after having unmercifully torn him from the arms of his parents when he was a mere child. You never exercised mercy; nevertheless, you shall have mercy shown you on the condition that you divide your entire estate into two parts, and give the choice half to my brave friend Philip. Do not hesitate. Only on this condition can you hope for favor."

"Alas, alas!" moaned Mustafa; "I am a ruined man!"

"Better be a ruined than a dead man!" coldly retorted Hassan. "Are you willing or not?"

"I cannot; no, I cannot!" groaned the stingy merchant. "I will let the slaves go free without a ransom, but do not ask more of me!"

"Away then to the pasha, Hassan!" Achmet briefly commanded.

Hassan made an effort to go, but again Mustafa held him fast, and after much twisting and cringing he offered to pay over to Philip one hundred thousand piasters.

"Get the money and lead in the slaves!" ordered Achmet, and added sternly: "Do not hope to escape me or to deceive me, for you well know that the pasha's justice is quick and kills as the lightning!"

Mustafa sneaked away, and soon after returned with Philip and his parents. With an exclamation of joy the brave youth threw himself into the outspread arms of Achmet.

"You are free and rich, my brother!" said Achmet kindly to Philip. "Allah, who always rewards the good, has blessed you. This bag of piasters which Mustafa is now bringing is your property. Take it, return to your home with your parents, and enjoy the

happiness which you have earned for yourself by your faithful filial devotion, by your courage, patient endurance and trust in Allah's protection."

Philip thought himself dreaming, but the repeated assurances of Achmet and Hassan finally convinced him that this unexpected turn of his hitherto sad fortunes was a blessed reality. With beaming eyes he embraced his father and mother, on whom, after so many long years of slavery and suffering, the sun of prosperity again shone by means of the undying love of their only child. In company with their friends they left the house of Mustafa, who was the only mean and wretched being among that happy and rejoicing group. They betook themselves to Achmet's residence, whither the treasure of Mustafa was carried after them, and where they remained a few weeks in the most pleasant social enjoyment. Then Philip and his parents returned

to Candia, bought back their former possessions, and spent a life of quiet contentment and uninterrupted happiness. Of course, the honest Michael Santos, Philip's foster-father, was not forgotten, but became a lifelong and cherished member of this happy family. To him we owe the present narrative, which we trust will place our readers under such obligations to the old man as will incline them to share the gratitude which Philip feels toward him who, under God, was the indirect means of rescuing his beloved parents from slavery. Thus again were these congenial hearts united in one household, and their devoted, mutual love was the bond of their union and the crowning joy of their lives.

We need say no more. They dwelt together in peace, and were happy. Nor did they ever cease, with grateful hearts, to praise the Lord, who had brought them from darkness and tribulation into a kingdom of peace and joy through the filial love of their devoted son. How true is the word of the Lord: "Honor thy father and mother"—which is the first commandment with promise—

"That it may be well with thee, and thou may= est live long on the earth."





1855. 1870.

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THE FATHERLAND SERIES. From the German. Philadelphia: Lutheran Board of Publication. - "Under this title the Lutheran Board of Publication have begun what promises to be an interesting and useful series of Sundayschool books. They comprise translations from some of the best German writers for the young, carefully selected from an evangelical stand-point, with a view to make German thought better known to English youthful readers, and to familiarize them with the scenes and incidents of German life. The two volumes just issued are entitled, 'In the Midst of the North Sea,' and 'Anton, the Fisherman.' Both are interesting, capital books, having a good deal of dramatic power, and pervaded by a beautiful Christian faith and simplicity. The first named shows the sad evils of an envious, jealous spirit; and the last is a testimony to the sure word of Scripture, 'Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." - The Sunday-school Times.

Lawrence, Kansas, March 1, 1870.

"Your books lately published, 'In the Midst of the North Sea,' and 'Anton, the Fisherman,' are first rate, and with such books your reputation will soon be established. I am well pleased with your commendable efforts and success in getting out good books.

New Middletown, March 2, 1870.

"I received 'In the Midst of the North Sea,' sent by you a couple of weeks since. Thank you for your kindness in sending it. Have read it carefully. Am highly pleased with it. Think it a perfect gem for the Sabbath School. Besides many other valuable lessons, it clearly exhibits the hand of Providence in the preservation of the Islanders.

"Yours.

J. B. MILLER."

Bainbridge, Pa., March 7, 1870.

"I have read 'Anton,' and am even better pleased with it than I was with 'In the Midst of the North Sea.' Good. better. I am, truly and fraternally,

"Yours,

F. T. HOOVER."

New Germantown, March 15, 1870.

"The publications you send me are admirable every way and I only wish I could sell many of them for you. J. C. Düy."

"Yours,

Sharpsville, Tipton Co., Ind., March 20, 1870

"I hereby acknowledge the receipt of two volumes of your Sunday-school Publications, 'North Sea,' and 'Anton.' I have hastily perused these little narratives, and find them very interesting and spicy, and can heartily recommend them to the Sabbath School and the public generally, as safe companions for both young and old.

"A. H. SCHERER."

Harrisburg, March 29, 1870.

"'How do I like the series?' Well, really, I hardly know how to express myself; but I have a little four-yearold chip of the old block, who, when anything pleases him very mu h, says, 'Do it again.' Now, that is just what I say to the publisher and the translator: Do it again, and you do the Church good.

"Fraternally yours, JNO. J. REBMAN."

"I am very much pleased with your 'Fatherland Series.' Yours, truly, W. B. ASKAM."

College Hill, O., March 30, 1870.

"Enclosed pleased find 85 cents for René, which I read with zest, and think it to be a good book for our American youth. Yours in X., J. C. PRODFUEHRER."

Newton, Iowa, April 7, 1870.

"Your new books, translations from the German, are highly popular. Go on with the good work. We are glad to get them as fast as published.

"Yours in Gospel bonds, H. S. Cook."

Smithsburg, Md., April 2, 1870.

"The books are beautiful and good.

"Yours,

L. J. Bell."

Orangeville, Ill., April 2, 1870.

"I have just received yours of 25th ult., together with the book you sent by mail. I have received three—'North Sea,' 'Anton,' and 'René,' which, by the way, are the most excellent Sunday-school books I have ever had the pleasure to examine, and I thank God that our Publication Society has the honor of bringing them before the public.

"Yours, truly, J. K. Bloom."

Bainbridge, Pa., April 2, 1870.

"Our school here at B. has ordered a copy of each of the Fatherland Series. I have read the opening chapter of 'René.' Our librarian at Maytown, Mr. C. Peck, says it is the best Sunday-school book he has read for a long time. Yours, F. T. HOOVER."

York, Pa., April 4, 1870.

"Please send me 'Cottage by the Lake.' The othe' volumes of the Fatherland Series I have. I am much pleased with the books. If you publish a thousand volumes, send them all to me, and draw on me for the amount they cost.

J. H. Menges."

Lockport, April 9, 1870.

"Since I have three of the Series you are publishing at present, I would desire to have the first number—'The Cottage by the Lake.' This number you have not sent me. Those you sent me I read with great interest, and am much pleased with them, and trust they may be largely circulated.

"Yours, truly, M. ORT."

Canton, O., April 4, 1870.

"Enclosed find the amount of your bill for the 'Fatherland Series.' The books are very interesting, and my children are delighted with them.

"Yours,

L. M. KUHNS."

Harrisburg, April 7, 1870.

"Your book entitled 'Fritz,' is all right. Go ahead; the more of that kind you publish the better.

"Yours, fraternally, G. F. STELLING."

Selinsgrove, April 6, 1870.

"I am glad to see you bringing out such nice, neat books. You can send us one copy of all new publications until otherwise ordered. Consider us standing subscribers.

"Yours,

J. G. L. SHINDEL."

Frostburg, Md., April 6, 1870.

"'The Fatherland Series' I am pleased with. They compare favorably with any of the publications of the day—are a credit to the Society.

"Yours,

Н. Візнор."

Loysville, April 8, 1870.

"I received 'In the Midst of the North Sea,' and 'Anton, the Fisherman,' and am pleased with them.

"Yours, etc.

P. WILLARD.'

New Germantown, April 5, 1870.

"The Fatherland Series are very beautiful specimens of book-making, and their contents are very interesting. My family are delighted with them.

"Yours, truly,

J. C. Düy."

Albany, N. Y., April 5, 1870.

"The last issue of the 'Fatherland Series' received. I am much pleased with all these books. You are now taking the right course to supply our Church with a Sunday-school literature. You may send me one of each issue, as you have been doing, and let me know if I can assist you in any other way.

"Yours,

S. P. SPRECHER."

New York, 196 2d Avenue, April 6, 1870. "I am delighted with the Series.

"Yours, truly,

A. C. WEDEKIND."

Litchfield, Ill., April 4, 1870.

"I have received three books, 'Anton,' 'North Sea,' and 'René.' I am well pleased with them.

"Yours, etc.

B. F. CROUSE."

Chambersburg, April 4, 1870.

"I have received 'René,' and it is a very interesting book. Yours, fraternally, C. LEPLEY."

Red Hook, N.Y., April 4, 1870.

"'René' came to hand on Friday last. Am delighted with it—feel quite proud of our Publication House.

"Yours, truly, W. H. LUCHENBACH."

Loysville, April 9, 1870.

"I have read your Fatherland Series with much pleasure and profit. They are among the most interesting Sabbath-school books I have yet read. I could hardly wait till the second and third volumes arrived. The Church and Sabbath Schools certainly owe you a debt of gratitude for the interest you take in promoting and circulating such interesting Sabbath-school literature. May God bless you in your efforts, and the Church appreciate your labors!

"Yours, truly, D. SELL."

Wheeling, W. Va., April 11, 1870.

"The Fatherland Series continue greatly to interest and please me. May still greater success attend your efforts is the prayer of SAML. B. BARNITZ."

"The translation of 'Die Halligen' and of 'Anton' is pure and good, and we have nothing but praise to utter in regard to the taste and style in which the agent of the Board has sent them forth. They are good books for the young."—Lutheran and Missionary, Phila.

""Die Halligen; or, In the Midst of the North Sea,' translated from the German of Marie Roskowska, for the Lutheran Board of Publication, is a scene from life under circumstances little known to most of us—life on the flat islets of the North Sea. The tale is told with a delightful simplicity and piety, and the whole effect of the book is excellent. Contentment is shown to be better than envy."—

Presbyterian Monthly.

"'Die Halligen; or, In the Midst of the North Sea.'
Those who dwell on small islands in the sea, and are given up to a seafaring life, are often exposed to most imminent perils. Such was the case with those whose fortunes are portrayed in the present interesting narrative. In the midst

of all, however, their unwavering trust in Him who holds the destinies of all in His hands never failed them, and they accordingly experienced what may be truly termed miraculous deliverances. The translation is most happily executed, and the mechanical part of the work is such, also, as to commend it to favor."—Reformed Messenger, Phila.

"Franz Hoffmann's writings, in the original German, are deservedly popular. Their moral tendency is good, while they are highly entertaining. They are well worthy of the effort that is now made in different directions to clothe them in an English dress, for the benefit of the English community."—Reformed Messenger, Phila.

HOFFMANN, THE AUTHOR OF

ANTON, THE FISHERMAN.

BY REV. T. STORK, D. D.

We announced last week, the publication of "Anton the Fisherman," by the Lutheran Board of Publication. Before speaking of the book, we wish to say something about the author—Alex. Friedr. Franz Hoffmann, of Dresden. In his early life he was a bibliopolist in Bernberg. But, soon weary of the mere mercantile handling of books, and following his literary tendencies, he spent some time in Halle, and attended a course of lectures on philosophy and physical science. He subsequently removed to Dresden, and began his literary career with an adaptation of the "Thousand and One Nights," for the young, which, with a few original stories, met with such universal favor, that he afterward devoted himself to popular literature, with special reference to the young. Since 1840, he has published more than a hundred differ-

ent stories, legends, etc., all of which reached several editions, and many have been translated. He has, also, published since 1846, the "Deutschen Jugen Freund," one of the very best periodicals of its kind. The amount of his literary labor seems almost incredible to an American. But we remember another great writer of fiction, who, after the age of fifty-six, produced thirty volumes in three years. Hoffmann has something of the genius and energy of Scott. When Scott began to break down from his great labors, Mr. Abercrombie implored him to desist from writing: "I tell you what it is, Doctor," said Scott, "when Molly puts the kettle on, you might as well say, don't boil."

Hoffmann is among the most favorite of the almost innumerable story-tellers of Germany. Our first acquaintance with him was made in this "Anton, the Fisherman." The first three chapters were read to us from the manuscript by the translator. We were charmed. At first we thought a good deal of the interest we felt might be attributable to the reader, for there is something in the reading of a woman of culture and sensibility—the tremulous intonations of the voice, and the peculiar heart-emphasis—that always affects us; but a subsequent perusal of the story confirmed our first impressions of its exquisite beauty.

This Anton is a narrative of humble life. It has variety of character and incident, without complexity or affectation; it pictures domestic sorrow the most afflictive, without overstepping the modesty of nature, or the simplicity of truth. The incidents are not only beautiful, but probable. They are such as might occur in any common life. The spirit of the narrative is not only moral, but religious. And yet the story has no formal moral for its end, which is always the case in a true work of art. The moral should be in the spirit of purity and power with which it acts, and so in this story of Anton you may make manifold moral uses of it. One of the most difficult things for writers of fiction,

is to give a true ideal of childhood, as any one can see by recalling the Mignone of Goethe, the Fenella of Scott, the little Nell of Dickens. We do not say that Hoffmann has stood this test of genius; but in Louisa he has given us a child that is morally most beautiful and winsome, that reminds one of Hawthorne's Pearl, "who seems to have lost her pathway out of heaven, and found herself on earth, smiling with the sweetness of higher spheres, yet sombre also with the melancholy of this lower world."

Altogether, this story, in its religious tone and influence, as well as a work of art, is far above most of the current literature of our Sunday Schools. For there is a good deal written for this department, that is not much better than the brain-sick stories for namby-pamby magazines, and in which the young would find it as difficult to get any true idea of religion, as it would be to study finance in the tale of Aladdin, or to learn geography in Gulliver's Travels. We will only add, that the translation is in pure and fluent English, with the graceful touch of a woman of culture and refinement; and our Superintendent has given us the book in a form and style of beauty that must win universal admiration.

"Blessings," says Sancho, "on the man that first invented sleep—it comes round one like a cloak, and covers him all over." Blessings, we say, on the man that invented fiction. Blessings on all genuine story-tellers. Blessings on those who have enlarged the domain of the ideal, who call new inhabitants into this empire, with whom it is pleasant, as well as profitable, to be acquainted, who, while they minister to innocent pleasure, improve the heart.—Lutheran Observer, Phila.



Sharon Centre, O., April 29, 1870.

"I received two small volumes from your establishment. They are very tasty and carefully gotten up, and the stories are quite interesting, not only to children, but even to older persons.

"Resp'y yours,

J. SCHAUER."

THE COTTAGE BY THE LAKE.—ANTON, THE FISHERMAN.—RENE, THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.

(From the Lutheran Publication Society, No. 42 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.)

These volumes, beautiful and attractive in appearance, belong to the Fatherland Series, of which we have already announced: "In the Midst of the North Sea," and "Fritz, or Filial Love."

"The Cottage" is charming. Evangelical devotion and faith, which worketh by love, form a complete picture, lifelike, and well deserving to be copied, not only by the cottager, but also by those inhabiting mansions.

"Anton." Now this is the very book for both young and old. We see verified the blessed words: "Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

"René." All the little Savoyards we ever saw had dirty faces; but we have read some charming stories about them, and this is equal to any and all previous ones.

No Sabbath-school library should be without this Series. The Sunday-school Times says they "are interesting and capital books—pervaded by a beautiful Christian faith and simplicity." Rev. Dr. Krauth and Mrs. E. B. S. speak in the highest terms of them; and for a wonder—the Lutheran and Missionary and the Lutheran Observer see eye to eye, and unite in praising the same work.—Lutheran Visitor, Columbia, S. C.

RENÉ. By Franz Hoffmann.

This is one of Franz Hoffmann's most thrilling stories. The hero of it was a poor orphan boy, who accomplished wonders, and illustrated in his varied and marvellous experience, the exceedingly great power acquired by a simple unwavering trust in God. The rendering into English is happily executed.—Reformed Church Messenger, Phila.

FRITZ; or, Filial Obedience. By Franz Hoffmann.

This is one of the issues of the Lutheran Board of Publication, under the general title of "The Fatherland Series." It is intended to illustrate the great value and importance of true filial obedience. Fritz was an only child of humble parents, and though urged forward by almost irresistible impulses to acts of which his parents disapproved, yet in every instance he cheerfully restrained himself, as soon as their wishes were made known. By practically following out this principle, with the strictest fidelity, he eventually attained to a high position of honor with his sovereign, and was instrumental in placing his aged parents in circumstances of ease and comfort. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is the commandment with promise. The style of the work is peculiarly attractive.—Reformed Church Messenger, Phila.

FRITZ; or, Filial Obedience. Translated from the German of Franz Hoffmann. Published by the Lutheran Board, No. 42 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

This is a number of the "Fatherland Series," issued by this Board. Its scene is in Silesia, in the times of Frederick the Great, who himself is one of the characters. It is an excellent book for the family, illustrating the Fourth Commandment with great force and beauty.—Lutheran and Missionary, Phila.

FRITZ. Philadelphia Lutheran Board of Publication.

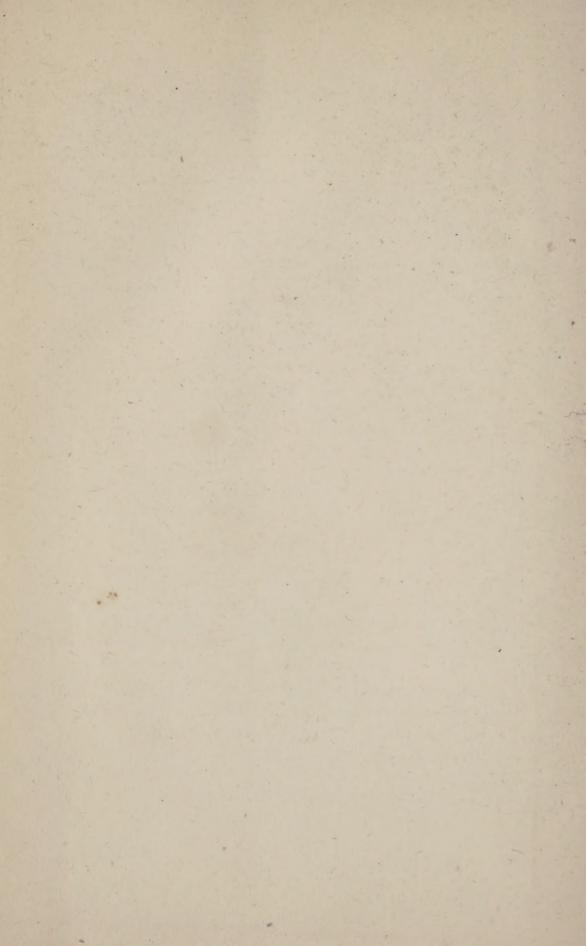
The second of the Fatherland Series. The Fourth Commandment is admirably illustrated, and though there is a little too much of real war, yet the portrait of Frederick the Great; the sketch of the old under-officer; the two honest peasants; the tender-hearted mother; the father who rules his household as a patriarch; the son who, though it undermines his strength and makes his path cheerless, yet perseveres in honoring father and mother; and the final happiness and rejoicing of all the parties, are life-like penpictures. The boys and girls must all read it.—Lutheran Visitor, Columbia, S. C.

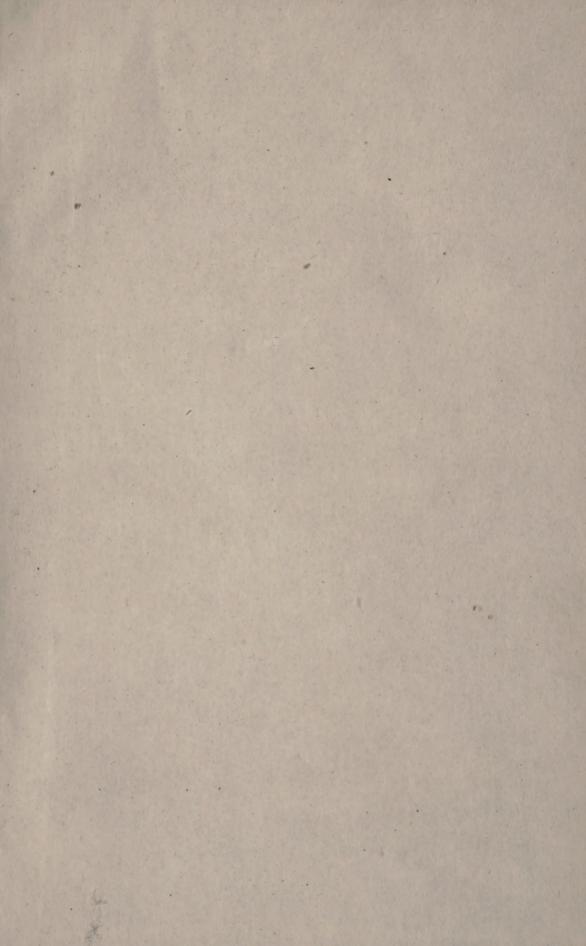
THE FATHERLAND SERIES, is the title of a series of Sabbath-school books now in course of publication by the Lutheran Publication Society. They are translations from the German, are all pervaded with the spirit of a true and practical Christianity, and promise to furnish a new and better class of Sunday-school literature than much that is now found in these libraries.

Anton, the Fisherman, is written by Hoffmann, of Dresden, one of the famous story-writers of Germany. It is an interesting domestic story of humble life, calculated to interest youth, and at the same time inculcate lessons of industry, integrity, and piety. The book well deserves a place in every Sunday-school library. It is well printed, and substantially and tastefully bound, making a handsome volume of nearly two hundred pages.

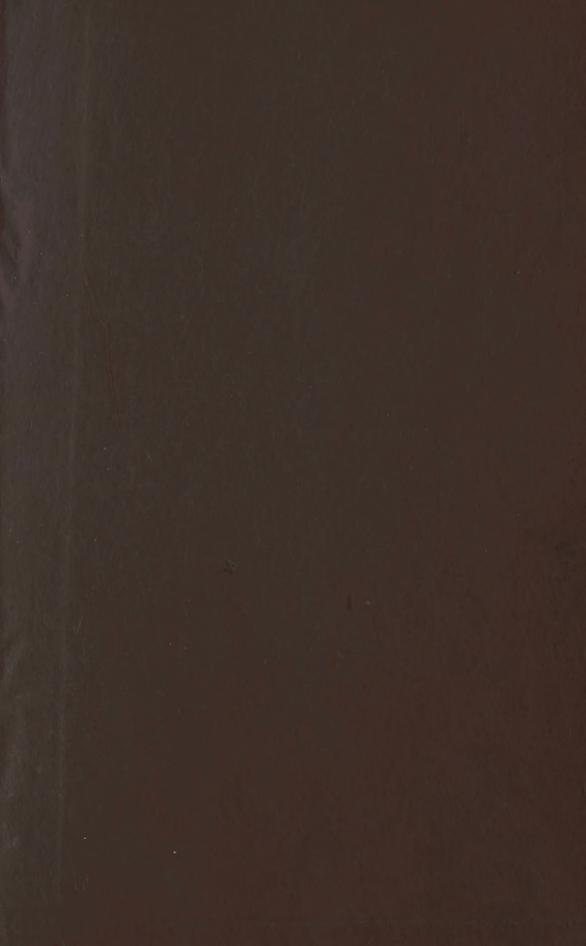
IN THE MIDST OF THE NORTH SEA is a deeply interesting story of the trials and sufferings of the hardy inhabitants of the small islands in the North Sea, along the German coast. Its tale of thrilling adventure, and the strange attachment of the hardy Germans for their bleak, barren, island homes, will be read with interest by old and young.—Bedford Inquirer, Pa.

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